



No. CXLVII.]

**Contents**

[JANUARY 1895

PAGE

**An Arranged Marriage.** Chapters VIII.—X. . . . . 221

By DOROTHEA GERARD, Author of 'Lady Baby' &c.

**English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.**

LECT. VI.—THE GREAT EXPEDITION TO THE WEST INDIES 248

By J. A. FROUDE

**To S. C.** . . . . . 262

By R. L. STEVENSON

**The Lady of the Pool.** (*Concluded.*) Chaps. VI.—X. 264

By ANTHONY HOPE

**Grasse: 'La Gueuse Parfumée'** . . . . . 290

By MRS. ALFRED HUNT

**A Drawing-room Idyl** . . . . . 300

By ANTHONY C. DEANE

**The 'Donna' in 1894** . . . . . 304

I. By MISS TRENCH. II. By the EDITOR

**Proverbs xxii. 2** . . . . . 318

By A. H. BEESLY

**At the Sign of the Ship** . . . . . 320

By ANDREW LANG

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row  
and New York: 15 East 16<sup>th</sup> Street



If you had all the **KNOWLEDGE, HONOUR, WEALTH,** or the **HIGHEST SOCIAL POSITION OF THIS WORLD** at your command, you must be measured by the **HEART,** which **SHOULD BE HUMBLE, HONEST, and KIND,** for this

# IS NOBILITY OF MAN!

*'The First Test of a truly Great Man is his Humility.'*—RUSKIN.



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*'The drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.'*

As time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the being that we are.

**WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS? HEALTH AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND THOSE WHO LOVE US.**

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

**EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF**

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

*'It is not too much to say its merits have been published, tested, and approved from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents the most signal illustration of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.'*—EUROPEAN MAIL.

**IMPORTANT** to all Leaving Home for a Change.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to prevent the bile becoming too thick and impure, producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

**SMALL-POX, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE,** and almost every mentionable disease.—'I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-stated.'—A PROFESSIONAL NURSE.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.**

**AS GENTLE AS A DEW-DROP AND AS CERTAIN AS QUARTER-DAY.**

To aid nature without force or strain, use ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO' (a simple Vegetable Extract), occasionally a desirable adjunct to ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' They perform their work 'silently as the twilight comes when the day is done,' and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the MOTO. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the blood pure and preventing disease. Of all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.**

r the  
mand,  
MBLE,

N!

SKIN.

e of the  
himself of  
fully im-  
by sheer  
nature—  
tions of  
n by Her  
lege, to  
awarded  
nor the  
to the  
nd Pru-  
est Boy,  
ow the  
ming a  
Motived

ROWS

US.

TLE OF

t its cosmo-  
ur trading

IT SALT.  
emergency.  
coming too  
mbrane of  
and removes  
increased.  
ances pre-

ELAS,  
nurse for  
gangrene,  
single day,  
d in a pure  
ot be over-

it you have

Patent.

AY.

(a simple  
their work  
his bilious  
ot overstate  
l<sup>1</sup>d.; post





# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

JANUARY 1895.

---

## *An Arranged Marriage.*

BY DOROTHEA GERARD,

AUTHOR OF 'LADY BABY,' 'A QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM,' &C.,  
AND JOINT-AUTHOR OF 'REATA,' &C.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### UNCLE CARLO'S PICTURES.

THE blows of a hammer were echoing through the big rooms on the ground floor of the Monastero. It was Giacomo opening the two deal cases which had been standing since spring, apparently forgotten, in a corner of the old library.

'But tell me, *mamma carissima*,' said Luigi, while working away at the hay and paper shavings within, 'did not Uncle Carlo die in January? And have these four bits of canvas taken seven months to travel to us from Florence? Why, they might have been *painted* in that time!'

Late last night Luigi had arrived at the gates of the Monastero, seated in a peasant cart, which was drawn by a single mule, the only species of vehicle to which the long-neglected mountain roads—of which each in the proper season was transformed into a torrent—were accessible. The joy of the meeting was still so new that, in spite of the confession which he had resolved to make before the day was over, he could not help feeling light-hearted. For the moment the delight of the boy who is home for the holidays triumphed over everything else.

The Principessa looked doubtfully toward Giacomo. If he had not been there she would probably have explained that there had been some complications with regard to the carrying out of Uncle Carlo's testament, hence the delay in the arrival of the pictures; but in Giacomo's presence so barefaced a lie would not be worthy the name of diplomacy, besides which the Principessa's lies were never barefaced unless circumstances pressed unusually. She therefore replied very calmly that Uncle Carlo had indeed died in January, and that the pictures had been lying here ever since March, but that she had left them packed up, being in doubt what to do with them. A Florentine dealer who had known these paintings in her uncle's house had made several offers for them. It was because she had no idea of the value of the pictures that she required her son's help in the matter.

'And what idea can I have? I am no connoisseur.'

'You can take them into Terrente and have them valued, which I cannot do. Come in here and I will show you the Jew's letters; he has been leaving me no peace all summer. No, Giacomo, the Principe will not require you further.'

What the Principessa said was literally true. Since spring she had received from the Florentine dealer five letters, all of which she had left unanswered. Her silence came partly from cool calculation, for in each letter the sum offered had risen by some fifty florins, and partly from a remnant of traditional pride. The four pictures were all family portraits, and she had not yet conquered the aversion she felt to the idea of seeing them thrown on to the market by the hands of Signor Daniel Silberherz. Silberherz's last letter had arrived very conveniently, just as she was looking about her for a reason which could serve as a plausible motive for Luigi's eight weeks' leave.

As Luigi glanced through the letters that had been placed in his hand his face darkened somewhat.

'But, *mamma mia*, if he has been waiting all summer, as you say, then why could he not have waited a little while longer? His last letter is not much more urgent than the others. Since he did not get what he wanted in March, then might he not have got it in September just as well as in July? And by September the manœuvres would have been over, and no stupid jokes could be made about my having shirked my share of work. Why had it to be now?' he asked, looking into his mother's eyes with something of an imperious question in his own.

The Principessa hesitated only for an instant.

'It had not to be now, Luigi,' she whispered, with a look of unspeakable tenderness. 'You are right when you say that another moment would have done as well. The Jew could have waited; it was I who could wait no longer. Seven months—think of it—seven months with nothing but that washed-out picture on the wall to remind me of what I am living for. It is my treasure, my beacon-light, and yet it cannot satisfy my hunger for ever. After all, it is but a bit of paper. I should have waited till September, it is true. I wanted to wait, but I grew weak—I confess it, my son. Can you forgive me?'

She was not speaking on impulse, though her heart was in every word she said. Having taken a quick review of the situation, she had decided that she could afford to be frank to this extent, that it was even safer than absolute denial.

As Luigi looked at her the ill-humour was still discernible about his lips, but already his eyes were melting.

'And in order to get me home you used the excuse of the pictures? O, *mamma mia, mamma mia*, you are too clever for me, far too clever; I always said so; I cannot fight against your *sagacità*! Am I really to forgive you?'

His arms were about her now, as she sat upon her accustomed seat before the fireplace, and he knelt on the piece of carpet at her feet. He did not say that he forgave her, but he stroked her white hands softly, and for several minutes these two revelled in silence in the joy of each other's presence.

Then suddenly there came to him the remembrance of the confession he had to make. It was like a dark cloud across the sunlight. He resolved at once not to rise from his knees until he had told her everything. He stopped caressing the white hands and considered for a moment. Then he closed his eyes, so as not to see her face.

'*Madre*,' he began very low, 'it is I who ought to be asking for forgiveness, instead of granting it. I have something I must tell you, now—immediately. Do not let me go until I have told you all.'

'Speak, my son.'

No one could have guessed from the tone of her voice that a sudden shiver of fear had passed over the Principessa. Her heart was beating stormily in expectation of her son's next words. Upon what these words were it depended whether the edifice of his future happiness which she had built up in her mind was to crumble instantly to the ground.

Luigi began to talk low and rapidly, sometimes keeping his eyes closed and sometimes fixing them on one of the worn buttons of her bodice. He told her of the extravagances he had committed—such extravagances as the cigarettes which Gyps had smoked, or an occasional bottle of *Vöslauer* at the supper-table; he called himself a sinner, not for effect, but because under the eyes of his ill-fed and white-haired mother he actually felt that even the blackest sinner on earth was no more than his fellow-criminal. Finally, he told her in so many plain words that he owed a hundred and fifty florins to a money-lender at Bleistadt, and that he must either pay it before August 31 or leave the army. When he had said everything he laid his head upon his mother's lap and buried his face in the folds of her dress, as he had so often done in his early childhood. And then he held his breath, and waited for what she would say. At the bottom of his heart he was praying that she should reproach him. The bitterer the reproaches the less difficult would it be to forgive himself.

For a long time she said nothing at all. It was after a pause that seemed to Luigi endless that she asked :

‘Is that all you have got to tell me, Luigi?’

The tone of the question and the question itself were so different from what he had expected that he looked up straight into her face, and there, in place of the reproach—or, at least, the sorrow and perplexity which he had felt certain of finding—he met a look of such tender and triumphant pride that he was utterly at a loss how to explain it to himself.

‘*Mamma mia*, what do you mean? Is it not so very bad, then?’

The amazement on his face brought the Principessa back to her senses. In an instant she remembered her rôle and would have taken it up again, but at that moment she could not get the mask to fit. The reaction of relief was too great to be entirely suppressed. She had feared to hear such different words—words that would have been deadly to her hopes—for, after all, he was but twenty-three, and everywhere in the world there are seductive women. Innocent boy! And it was this that had weighed on his mind! A hundred and fifty florins—and Annie Brand's dowry would be two hundred thousand pounds. The Principessa had to take her under lip between her teeth for fear of laughing out loud in his face.

‘Is it not so very bad, then?’

Of course, she ought to have said that it was very bad; that

she could not imagine where the money was to come from; but the strength failed her to bring back to the face before her the cloud that had barely vanished. Diplomacy spoke, but so did tenderness. She opened her lips to pronounce reproaches, and before she had made up her mind what to say she perceived to her astonishment that she was soothing him with vague assurances, quite unlike her usual precise mode of argument.

Luigi listened in a mixture of relief and surprise. Their pecuniary situation was not quite so desperate as he supposed; there were different ways by which a hundred and fifty florins could be raised before the end of August. He did not in the least understand how this could be, and yet merely to hear the words was a lifting of the load. While he listened an idea came into his mind.

'The pictures, *madre*! It is more than a hundred and fifty florins that Daniel Silberherz offers you for them. We will sell the pictures, and neither I nor Gyps will ever again smoke a cigarette, and all will be well.'

'I hope, on the contrary, that both you and Gyps will smoke a great many more cigarettes,' she answered in a tone of light-heartedness which he had never before heard in her. 'And as for the pictures, we will consider the matter; there is no such hurry, and meanwhile we may have some other idea.'

Luigi was on the point of answering, when quite unexpectedly the curtained doorway was filled by a broad figure, and from the other end of the room Mr. Brand announced in a stentorian voice:

'She is come!'

In the ardour of talk the steps crossing the library had been unnoticed.

Luigi rose from his knees hastily and in some confusion. The Principessa's expression was completely changed. A fold had become visible between her eyebrows as with her white fingers she smoothed her skirt, at the same time keeping her visitor well in her eye. Luigi likewise was staring at him without attempting to disguise his astonishment. He waited only until a brief introduction had taken place in order to disappear.

'So that is the Prince?' said Mr. Brand, before the door was well closed, and in a tone that almost betrayed disappointment. The lieutenant in the sober blue uniform did not look to him so very different from other lieutenants in blue uniforms whom he had come across this summer.

The Principessa looked at him with wrathful black eyes.

'If you begin like this,' she said, barely suppressing her anger, 'we may throw up our game on the first day. What evil spirit told you to stumble in here with that announcement on your tongue? What am I to say if Luigi asks me who is come? Everything may be ruined by one such move as this. I have told you already that you are nothing but a chance acquaintance whom the bad weather blew in at my door one night—do you understand?'

'I understand,' said Mr. Brand, a little crestfallen. And then he added in the same breath: 'Have you had that talk with your son? Is he safe so far?'

The Principessa's expression cleared on the instant.

'He is quite safe, thank Heaven!' she replied almost gaily. 'My mind is entirely at rest, for Luigi is only in love with five women.'

'Five women!' repeated Mr. Brand, turning a little pale.

The horror in his face tickled the Principessa's fancy so much that she actually began to laugh.

'You men think yourselves great reasoners, don't you? And yet what clumsy brains you all have got! The only thing to be afraid of was Luigi being in love with one woman. Don't you understand that safety lies in numbers? It is impossible to love five women deeply, therefore it logically follows that he loves them all on the surface. That these blue-eyed and brown-eyed sellers of cigars and washerwomen's daughters should catch his fancy lies in the nature of things. Italians are not Englishmen. In our country it is not only the vine and the pomegranate that ripens early. An Italian who at twenty-three still sits and waits for his first love would be a monster of his kind. But do not be afraid. All this is mere child's play. He believes that he loves. I know better. I know that up to to-day I, his mother, am his only real love. He does not know what lies in himself, for the depths of his nature have never yet been touched. But we must not lose our time,' went on the Principessa more briskly. '*Dio mio*, what a fright you gave me! You must stop running over here with every atom of news, but since you are here now we must make use of the minutes. You say she has come?'

'Not actually arrived, but I have had a telegram from Terrente. She will be here to-day. Shall I bring her over to-morrow?'

The Principessa raised her hands and let them fall again with a gesture expressive of despair.

'You men are entirely hopeless. The idea of my seeing her

before Luigi does! It would be clumsy to the point of madness. There are many ways of arranging their first meeting; let me consider which is the best. To see each other twice, three times, without speaking, would probably be the safest—such meetings awaken curiosity and heighten desire—but we have got no time for experiments. Within the eight weeks of Luigi's leave everything must be ended. Let me consider. It must be an accidental meeting, of course, and the surroundings must be carefully selected, for in such first meetings they never fail to play a great part. Do you know the river inspector's house? The one that stands in the river bed about halfway across the valley? A dozen yards from that house there used to stand the little old chapel of Saint Sebastian. Deep among the stones, and all around it, there grew tall, pink flowers as high as my knee—from afar they seemed to be a cloud of rose-colour that floated over the ground. This is how it was twenty-one years ago; doubtless much has altered since, but if the chapel has not been washed away, and if those flowers still bloom on the spot, I think that would be a good place for Luigi to set eyes upon Annie.'

The Principessa said *Annee* rather than *Annie*, though she was endeavouring to give the right accent.

'It is July now; yes, the flowers ought to be in bloom. Let her rest completely to-day and most of to-morrow, for it is necessary that she should look her very best. To-morrow, between five and six o'clock, take her to the place. She has never seen exactly this sort of pink flower before, and if she is a girl like other girls she will want to gather them. In the worst case you must tell her to gather them—for her mother, for anybody—and while she is standing knee-deep in the pink cloud, Luigi will pass by. If her hair had only been golden I should have felt quite certain of the effect, for Luigi himself is black, as you have seen, and it is generally the contrast that attracts. It would be good if she had a white dress on, or, at the very least, a light-coloured one. What a misfortune that I cannot have the dressing of her!' And the Principessa's fingers moved in her lap instinctively, as though with delicate touches she were here adjusting a ribbon, and there plucking out a flounce.

'How do you know that he will pass by just then?' stolidly inquired Mr. Brand.

She looked at him with a smile of supreme pity.

'Because I shall make him pass by. It is a piece of good fortune that the inspector's baby should happen to have fallen



sick just now. The woman has been here begging for a remedy. Those people come to me rather than to the chemist, for many believe that I deal in witchcraft. To-morrow, towards six o'clock, I shall send Luigi there with some *tisane*. The rest is quite easy. Luigi has been introduced to you. If he speaks to you it will be well; if he does not speak it will be almost better. That first glimpse should not be much more than a vision. After that, if I am not mistaken, Luigi will tell me that he wishes to spend an evening in the Cursalon in order to view the guests of this season. He has spent many evenings there in former years—more than I should have wished,' added the Principessa, with a sudden cloud of displeasure upon her face, as though at some unwelcome recollection.

Mr. Brand sat with his elbow on his knee, twisting an end of his whisker round a finger.

'Annie is not the only pretty girl in the Cursalon,' he remarked; 'is that plan quite safe?'

'Quite. I never shoot in the dark, my friend. I have collected information, and I know that at this moment there are no dangerous rivals for your daughter at Lancegno, and no man with whom my son will compare unfavourably. This second meeting will set the ball rolling, I believe, and then we must watch and wait. Do not come here again until I send you word.'

Mr. Brand was already at the door when the Principessa called him back again.

'When you do come again, be sure that you bring me an exact list of the new arrivals. You can copy it from the *Cur-liste*.'

'Won't it do if I learn them by heart?'

'No; I require to have them written out. I have a reason. Perhaps some day I may tell it to you. And another thing, it will be better if you do not talk too much of your money. Nobody knows you here, and there is no reason why anybody should know how large your fortune is. Unmasked bags of gold might frighten off Luigi. Remember this, and give your wife the necessary instructions.'

When Luigi came downstairs again he found his mother alone.

'So you have begun to see visitors again, *mamma mia*; you never told me this in your letters.'

'I have no visitors, my son, except when occasionally the Padre Giulio comes to exhort me,'

‘And that man who was here just now?’

‘Oh! that one? He is a rather eccentric Englishman who missed his way one night in the hills, and almost battered down the gate in search of shelter. Giacomo will tell you what a fright he got. He comes here at intervals to thank me for my hospitality, and I have let him have his will.’

‘But he isn’t a gentleman, mamma,’ said the red-hot Socialist with an expression of disapproval.

‘No; but he is an original. I have seen so many gentlemen in my day that I can almost always guess what each one is going to say next, but Mr. Brand is full of surprises. There is something of a baby and something of a brute about him, and the combination happens to tickle my fancy. He is a creature not to be driven with clubs, and yet to be guided with a little finger, so long as that little finger is placed upon the right spot. Have you told Giacomo to carry the hay out of the library?’

While the Principessa was answering her son’s questions, Mr. Brand, panting under the midday sun, had barely regained the shelter of the Curhaus. A fly, white with dust, was standing at the door, while a well-dressed, elderly woman was superintending the removal of some evidently brand-new travelling trunks. From the dining-room to the left a murmur of voices was heard, for it was the luncheon hour, but Mr. Brand cast a look at his hands, and turned to the staircase. Since his acquaintance with the Principessa he had become much more particular about such things. Neither on the staircase nor in the passage above did he meet anybody, but the door of the private sitting-room was standing ajar, and in the middle of the floor, with her veil still down and her umbrella in her hand, there stood a young woman, whom he did not think he had ever seen before.

She came quickly towards him and took hold of his arm.

‘Where is mother?’ asked a familiar voice, hoarse with the dust of the journey and tremulous with ill-suppressed excitement. ‘Father, tell me quickly, where is mother? Have I come in time?’

---

## CHAPTER IX.

## 'IL BAMBINO.'

PUNCTUALLY at five o'clock on the following day Mr. Brand ordered his daughter to get ready for a walk. Annie, in whom the mechanical schoolroom obedience was still deeply rooted, rose without a word of protest, though she would in reality much rather have continued to sit quietly by her mother's side. She was still suffering from the reaction brought about by her unexpected reception yesterday. For three days she had lived in a continual strain of anxiety. With closed eyes she had drawn to herself picture after picture of her mother's sick-bed—perhaps her death-bed. In every throb of the engines which had borne her across Europe she had seemed to hear the chords of Beethoven's 'Funeral March,' and at every shriek of the engine she had started up, as though at the note of a bird of ill omen.

And now, at the end of it all, there had been nothing but her father's astonished face and a burst of robust laughter where she had been steeling herself for paroxysms of grief. Twenty-four hours had not been enough to recover from the surprise, almost the consternation, of the discovery. The explanations she had received were lame and not quite intelligible. Mrs. Brand had at first not attempted to explain anything, but had wept copiously, according to her invariable habit in moments of emotion. Later on she had stammered something about Miss Bellew's last report having been so wonderfully favourable, and that since Annie had studied so well she was probably 'finished' already and had no more need to stay at school, and would most likely enjoy a little gaiety, and as there seemed to be such good opportunities here, &c. But she looked at her daughter guiltily as she spoke, for she had received her orders.

Even now it was not clear to Annie why she should have been telegraphed for, but to find that the throbbing engines and the shrieking whistles had lied was happiness enough for the present, and she pursued the question no further.

When she stood before her father, drawing on her gloves, he contemplated her doubtfully.

'That's your travelling dress, isn't it?' he inquired a trifle shyly, for he had not yet got quite used to believing that this marvellous young woman was actually his daughter. 'Haven't you got anything else to wear?'

'Oh, yes,' said Annie, looking up in surprise, for she had never yet heard her father make any remark about her clothes. 'But they are not all unpacked yet.'

'Then tell your maid to unpack them. You can't go in this; it's much too hot. Haven't you got a white frock?'

'It would have to be ironed.'

'Then put on a green or yellow, or anything you like, so long as it's light-coloured. Do you hear? It must be something light-coloured.'

Annie went, in growing amazement, and for five minutes Mr. Brand paced the corridor, muttering to himself that it was all rubbish, utter rubbish, but at the same time feeling rather pleased with his first attempt at diplomacy.

Presently Annie reappeared in a slaty-blue Indian silk, and with a wide straw hat upon her head, which left her forehead and eyes in shadow. Mr. Brand looked at her in undisguised astonishment. Since she had left him five minutes ago she seemed to have grown more beautiful by another degree.

'Which way are we going?' asked Annie, standing still outside the gate. 'Up that valley?'

'This way,' said Mr. Brand, promptly. A minute later he added upon reflection: 'This is my favourite walk.'

They had been walking for about twenty minutes, when Annie remarked:

'Your favourite walk isn't very good walking, father. Are all the roads about here as bad as this?'

'I wish you would try and remember to call me "papa," Annie; all the better class of people use the word.'

They were now laboriously threading their way between the shining, many-tinted stones of the river bed. To the right and to the left the narrow water-streams bubbled and gurgled in a tremendous hurry, only very rarely finding time to form a pool as smooth and intense in colour as a polished green stone.

'Are we going much further?' asked Annie, in a tone of resignation.

'Only as far as that house you see ahead.'

'Is there anything particular to see about the house?'

'Yes. That is to say, there's a chapel close by which is quite worth looking at.'

'But why must I look at it to-day?' was Annie's instinctive thought, though she made no further remark.

About a stone's throw from the solitary house and in the very middle of the river bed there stood something which at a little distance looked not unlike a dog kennel, but which, on nearer view, showed itself to be the upper half of a small wayside chapel, which had probably been built at a time when the river took a different course. The heads of two solid stone pillars and the top of a stone arch with a fragment of fine carving were still visible. All the rest was buried in the gravel and stones which the river had gradually heaped up all around, and which in time would, no doubt, transform Saint Sebastian's sturdy little chapel into a shapeless mound. Of Saint Sebastian himself, painted in *fresco*, only the head and shoulders and the shafts of the two topmost arrows which had pierced him were still visible.

It was only when Mr. Brand stood still at last that Annie found leisure to look about her, and the first thing she perceived was that she was standing in what appeared to be a pool of rippling rose-coloured waves, which broke gently upon either shore. In its whole breadth the river bed was at this spot flushed pink by tall, waving flowers.

'Oh, father, how beautiful!' was all that Annie said, and without giving a look to Saint Sebastian, she set about gathering all she could reach. It was only when both her hands were well-nigh full that she remembered to grow uneasy at the thought of not knowing what these flowers were called. So long as she had been in Miss Bellew's establishment she had never gathered a flower without being able to range it correctly in its class and order, and the atmosphere of Miss Bellew's establishment had not yet begun to disperse. These unknown blossoms had some of the attributes of a carnation, and yet they were not carnations. Finally, she made up her mind to send a dried specimen to Miss Bellew, and after that she went on gathering with a clear conscience.

Mr. Brand, meanwhile, was tramping about uneasily among the boulders, every now and then standing still and shading his eyes towards the opposite side of the valley. Occasionally, too, he muttered something below his breath, which Annie could not hear, but which was only the word 'rubbish,' repeated in different tones of disapproval. He had not got over the belief that all this plotting and planning was a piece of tomfoolery, and that his own system would have been far the simplest in the end.

'Are you waiting for anybody?' Annie asked him once,

'Nonsense! What put that idea into your head? I was looking at those rocks.'

A minute later he remarked: 'I think I'll just take a turn up in that direction, while you go on gathering your flowers.'

'But I have got enough flowers now, father; I can go with you.'

'No, you can't,' said Mr. Brand in a kind of terror, for he remembered the very letter of his instructions, and his awe of the Principessa never quite left him even outside of her presence. 'You haven't got near enough yet. Your mother—your mamma, I mean—will be needing some. I'll just look a bit ahead, and you stop here, and mind you go on gathering.'

He turned up the river bed, and Annie went on gathering, but a little languidly now. When her hands could actually hold no more, she thought it could scarcely be disobedience to rest a little. Close beside her there lay the trunk of a large willow, left there by the water, whose dead, black roots stood out from between the stones like gigantic claws. It was of the right height for a seat, and Annie became aware that she was tired. She sat down with a wonderful speckled stone for a footstool and her lap full of flowers. Now only she perceived that her gloves were spoilt, and experienced a pang at the thought of what Miss Bellew, who was so particular about orderly habits, would have said. She pulled them off carefully before making up her flowers into a big bunch. It was only when the bunch was securely tied with a grass blade that she leant back against the branch behind her, and allowed herself the luxury of doing nothing.

This was the moment at which the fairy prince ought to have passed by. Not even the Principessa herself, had she been here, could have improved anything either upon the *pose* or the *mise en scène*.

But the fairy prince did not come. Her father had disappeared among the boulders, and nobody at all was visible either up or down the river bed. The solitary house close by did not appear to be any more alive than the trunks around it. It looked like a natural product grown up out of the river bed. Annie recognised the pearly-white, the chocolate-brown, the sulphur-coloured stones which she had already noted on her path this afternoon. They shone across to her like a sort of rough mosaic. While she was gazing at them the house unexpectedly gave a sign of life. It was only the thin whine of a very young baby that came floating out through an empty window-socket.

On each side of Annie the two clear, green streams were

chattering busily. In their intermittent gurgling and unaccountable leaps they reminded her somewhat of Chopin's exercises, as she had heard them executed on her last evening at Miss Bellew's establishment. Chopin's exercises and Beethoven's march, and the telegram and the scent of mignonette, and Ellen's strange words and the hurried journey—it was all still somewhat mixed up in her mind. These last days had been so breathless that she had not even attempted to disentangle her impressions. This was the first entirely quiet moment. She would make use of it in trying to order her thoughts as she had been taught to do, and as it also lay in her nature to love doing. To begin with Ellen, what was it she had said? And again she passed the words in review, and again rejected them with all the indignation of a nature which not only has no evil in it, but is loth to believe in the existence of evil. If somewhere at the bottom of her loyal heart a faint uneasiness had remained like a taint upon her perfect faith she was not aware of it herself.

Having settled the question of Ellen's views, she would have passed on to analysing the reasons which had put her into such a groundless fright about her mother, but her thoughts were beginning to wander. That thin wail that came from the open window over there, in one long and seemingly unbroken note, left her no peace. Try as she would, she could not get her mind fixed on the subject, and when once it had occurred to her that possibly the mother was out at work and the little thing alone, she felt that her reflections were at an end for that day. She had heard stories of babies strangling themselves with the strings of their caps or suffocating under their pillows. She would look in at the open window to see if anyone was there.

She looked in by several empty window sockets, and at last, in the only room that appeared inhabited, caught sight of a wooden cradle rocking uneasily on the floor, while a tiny brick-coloured leg waved over the edge with a gesture verging on desperation.

'He will probably tumble out. Let me see; yes, I think it is my duty to go in and examine the matter.'

Possibly it was her duty, but there is no doubt that it also was her pleasure, for Annie belonged to the class of women whose motherly instinct is not latent, but ever present. She made her way round to the back of the house. Here half a dozen pumpkins and a few thin apple trees, bare of fruit, the survivors of a drowned orchard, were all the signs of cultivation. The open door was chokefull of rabbits, which fled at her approach. In the narrow



room within, the piercing wails resounded against the walls. A broken bedstead stood in a corner, a man's coat hung on the wall, and a woman's apron lay on the floor. Upon the unpainted deal table there stood an earthenware dish half-full of cold polenta, on which the flies were feasting. Probably, too, it was the flies that had brought the occupant of the cradle to this point of unmanageable despair.

Having laid down her big bunch of flowers beside the polenta, Annie somewhat timidly approached the cradle, and with her inexperienced hands would have released the small struggling mass from the highly inconvenient position into which it had wriggled itself, but the mere touch of her hand let loose a fresh volley of howls. She would not desist, for the unfortunate infant's head had got smothered in a linen cloth—at least, so it seemed to her, though in the present state of things she could not be quite sure which was the head and which the feet, and whether all the legs and arms were there which are wanted to make a baby complete. She made a gallant effort, and lifted the whole living clump bodily out of the cradle. But this only seemed to make matters worse. There was no doubt now about the baby having its full complement of legs, for she was being vigorously kicked by both; but wasn't the head on the point of dropping off backwards? And which was the right way to take hold of him? The baby was no longer howling, but roaring in a manner that appeared entirely unapproachable to consolation. Annie began to wish that she had left him in the cradle, and while she stood there struggling with the scarlet imp, herself scarlet with excitement and alarm, and murmuring unheeded words of comfort, the door was pushed open, and a tall young man in a blue uniform entered rapidly and then stood still in amazement. The apron upon the floor began to flap in the sudden draught, and the flies buzzed up from the cold polenta. There could be no doubt that the surroundings were not nearly so poetical as those which the Principessa had had in her mind's eye.

Annie glanced at the stranger, and it flashed through her mind that she had never before seen anyone quite so dark, but she had no time even to wonder who it was. The terrible infant seemed to be slipping through her fingers like an eel; in the next moment it would probably have reached the floor had not the stranger stepped quickly forward.

'Let me help you,' he said in Italian. 'You cannot manage that alone. Give me the *bambino*.'

She understood the intention, though not the words, and without more ado he took the baby from her, handling it with much more confidence than she had done, though obviously with just as inexperienced fingers. He went on talking in Italian, not to Annie, but to the baby, whom he was attempting to rock in his arms. By degrees the howls lessened and almost ceased. Annie looked on in surprise. She had never before seen a man, certainly not so young a man, rocking a baby in his arms and crooning to it like an old nurse. In theory she would have found it ridiculous, and yet in reality she did not feel in the least inclined to laugh. Probably this man had never before held a baby, but the true southerner has in him a certain easy adaptiveness to the circumstances of the moment, as well as an utter absence of self-consciousness, which enable him to feel at ease in situations in which the wisest of true northerners cannot help looking a little like a fool. When Annie had stood watching for about a minute it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that an officer in uniform should be trying to put an infant to sleep, and should apparently be succeeding too.

‘Do you think he will stay quiet now?’ she asked anxiously and in a whisper.

The young man looked up at her quickly, and answered, likewise in a whisper:

‘Pardon me, I did not know you were English. Yes, I think he will stay quiet. If you would have the grace to put the pillow back in its place I think I can lay the *bambino* in the cradle. His mother must be coming at once.’

‘Is it right so?’ asked Annie.

‘Yes, I think that is the way they do it.’

When with skilful brown fingers he had deposited the baby, he raised his eyes once more to Annie’s face, and she read there a sort of wonder which she did not understand.

‘I should have introduced myself,’ he said, still whispering, for fear of undoing what had just been accomplished; ‘I am Lieutenant Roccatelli.’

Annie was on the point of saying that her name was Brand when the rabbits were heard to scamper apart, and a tall, hard-featured woman with a white handkerchief bound about her head entered the room.

‘*Madre di Dio, il Principe!*’ she said just above her breath, and made a rush at the lieutenant’s hand, which she was evidently bent upon kissing. Under cover of this greeting Annie took her

bunch of flowers from the table and slipped out of the room and the house. Almost immediately she found herself face to face with her father.

'Where on earth have you been hiding yourself?' he growled, obviously in one of his worst humours.

Annie explained, somewhat shamefacedly, but Mr. Brand would not listen.

'Well, come along,' he interrupted; 'I've had enough of this nonsense for to-day. It isn't *my* fault if things don't fit, anyway.'

Annie followed in crestfallen silence. She could only suppose that it was the dinner hour that did not fit. Presently she ventured to observe:

'I really think that if I hadn't gone in a misfortune would have happened, father—papa. It nearly happened, as it was, only that the lieutenant arrived in time.'

Mr. Brand stood still suddenly.

'Which lieutenant?' he asked.

'I can't tell you his name, it was something Italian, but he spoke English.'

'And he came into the house and talked to you?'

'Yes.'

'What did he talk about?'

'About the baby, of course; there wasn't time for anything else.'

'Was he tall and black-haired?'

'Yes, his hair was certainly very black, and his eyes too, I think.'

'Humph!' said Mr. Brand, and cast a look over his shoulder at the house, almost as though he were thinking of retracing his steps. Finally he continued his way, though at a rather less furious pace.

'He must have come by another road,' he growled to himself.

'Well, I've done my best. The Principessa's a keen woman, but she didn't take the baby into her calculations.'

Meanwhile Luigi, having handed over the *tisane* together with his mother's instructions, came out of the house again, cast a glance up the river bed, and then turned thoughtfully homewards. Upon the prostrate trunk of the old willow there lay some scattered pink flower heads. He stopped and looked at them, still with a sort of wonder in his eyes.

After all, it had not been much more than a vision.

## CHAPTER X.

‘VOI CHE SAPETE—’

AMONG the instructions which Miss Bellew had found time to give Annie before her hurried departure from Cumberley, that of practising her songs carefully had been one of the foremost. A whole year of singing lessons must on no account be wasted. Accordingly, on the morrow of her first walk at Lancegno, Annie took her music portfolio under her arm and made her way downstairs, for she had discovered that there was a piano in the big Cursalon below. She was already dressed for the seven o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, but most of the other guests were still at their toilet, and it had occurred to her that this would be a nice quiet time for going over her songs.

The Cursalon was quite empty, for the evening was exquisite. Outside, under the arcades, smartly dressed children were playing about under the supervision of their nurses.

Annie sat down at the big pianoforte which stood at the far end of the room, so as to be well out of the way of the dancers. The apartment had all the attributes of a ball-room—size, height, the velvet-covered seats running round the four walls, the polished floor, and the balcony above for spectators.

When she had struck a chord and tried a note, Annie broke off in alarm. She was not shy about her singing—her singing lessons had always been too much a matter of course to allow of shyness—but the sound of her voice in this big empty room had startled her. She did not think that she would be able to manage it here, and some of the children outside were standing on tiptoe, so as to look in at the windows. Annie struck a second chord, for she told herself that this feeling of alarm was foolish. Then she tried a scale, and after that she took out a song. It was the one she had been studying last at Cumberley. She sat still for a minute looking at the music, and conscientiously trying to recall all the directions of Miss Felt, the singing mistress, with regard to *fortes* and *pianos* and *staccatos* and *legatos*. Then she began, with her eyes on the notes,

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor——

Her voice was a fine mezzo-soprano, but very insufficiently tutored—not by any means ‘finished,’ whatever Annie herself

might be. She was not singing for effect, neither did she make any attempt to sing consecutively. Every passage that seemed to her imperfect was repeated twice and even three times, just as she had been used to do it in the schoolroom under Miss Felt's supervision. By degrees, as she warmed to her task, she forgot that she was not in the schoolroom. When she looked up after the last chord, she was quite astonished to find herself sitting in this big strange apartment, and still more astonished to see an officer in a blue uniform standing in the doorway and watching her from afar. At the thought of the many unsuccessful *legatos* she could not help colouring a little.

Luigi had arrived much too early for the social *r union* in the Cursalon, for although he knew that the road took only an hour, he had for some unexplained reason given himself three hours to do it in. While he wandered through the empty building where everyone was dressing for dinner, the sound of music had drawn him towards the Cursalon. He stood in the doorway, looking and listening, and not feeling quite certain whether this young girl in the white dress and with the smooth brown hair was indeed his acquaintance of yesterday. It was only when at the end of the song she raised her serious, brown eyes that he felt quite certain. And now he noticed, too, that she had a small bunch of the pink river flowers stuck into the belt of her dress. At sight of her momentary confusion he turned abruptly and went back into the passage. That vivid blush had made him feel guilty of an indiscretion. It seemed almost as bad as though he had been eavesdropping.

In the long corridor he met an asthmatic old Milanese, who was a standing patient of the establishment.

'Ah! by my soul, it's Roccatelli! So you're actually here again! Going to start the old game over again, eh? Or have you got a new one? Have I said good evening to you, by the bye?'

'Good evening,' said Luigi, a trifle sternly. 'Can you tell me who the young lady is who is singing in the Cursalon?'

'That—hum—why that is our newest arrival, *la bella Inglese*—only been here two days. Immense sensation—put all the women into a bad humour and all the men into a good one. Can't tell you her name—it's something awful and English. Pst—there's the happy father in person.'

Luigi looked round, and saw advancing along the corridor and

attired in evening dress the same herculean person whom he had seen in his mother's drawing-room two days ago. Something about the discovery, and more particularly about the evening coat, depressed him unaccountably, but only for a moment. In the next he had eagerly stepped forward and was claiming acquaintance with his mother's guest.

'I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before—pray allow me to recall myself to your memory.'

It was Luigi's honest intention to ask for a favour, and his honest belief that he was doing so, therefore it could not be his fault if the words sounded as though he were conferring one.

'I also had the good fortune to speak to your daughter yesterday, but I do not feel the right to approach her without a formal introduction. Would you have the grace to present me to the signorina?'

'I'll risk three years of purgatory,' remarked the Conte Perghini to himself, as he looked after the two retreating figures, 'three years of the hottest purgatory, that that devil of a boy is up to a new game this time.'

Annie, still sitting at the piano, all at once became aware that her father was approaching her with an officer—the same that had stood in the doorway, she supposed. He was very dark—could it also be the same she had met yesterday; or were all officers black-haired here?

Mr. Brand had only just got through a somewhat mutilated form of introduction when the dinner-bell rang.

Annie rose immediately, and began putting her music together. She had not yet spoken a word to her new acquaintance.

'Is it really so late?' said Luigi. He had often before heard the dinner-bell here, but the sound had never appeared to him so annoying as to-day. 'Let me do that for you. I will take care of your music.'

She thanked him with a formal little inclination of the head, and followed her father out of the room.

Luigi stood and watched until the last fold of her white dress had disappeared through the doorway. Then he sat down at the piano and began turning over the leaves of the music, though he was no player himself and could barely decipher the notes. Now and then he read some words of a song, but not with any particular attention, and now and then he struck a few chords at haphazard. Between whiles he kept glancing towards the door, and once he drew out his watch. The *table d'hôte* always was a lengthy affair,



Luigi left the piano and wandered out into the garden. Here there were only the children playing about, the gardeners watering the flower-beds, and a few patients taking the air under the arcades. These were the more serious cases, unfit for the noisy dinner-table. A few of them sat in wide armchairs upon wheels, their legs, even on this warm summer evening, carefully packed up in shawls. They conversed in undertones about their symptoms, or—in a still deeper undertone—exchanged their opinions regarding the doctor and the nurses. One or two of them sat silent with their heads sunk upon their breasts. Luigi passed them by and began to pace the empty walks, slowly and aimlessly, but always taking care not to lose sight of the front of the building. The red sunset clouds had sailed away by this time, and the whole sky was transparently clear. It was not dark yet, and yet it was not light any longer. With such a spotless sky as this it would take long to get entirely dark. The stars were very pale as yet and very few. Now and then Luigi stood still to listen; the gentle hiss of the watering-cans and the cries of the children were the only sounds to be heard. Presently these also ceased. The gardeners had finished their work, and the children had been taken off to bed. Then the nurses came out and wheeled the big chairs back into the house. Luigi went on pacing the walks, wondering a little at his own impatience. It seemed a long time before a sort of confused murmur came floating from the house, and presently resolved itself into voices. Out of each of the open doorways there streamed a well-dressed and chattering crowd, straight from the dinner-table, and in the best of good humours engendered by a French *cuisine* and Austrian wines. The flush of satiety was on more than one face; playful disputes, begun upstairs between young ladies and their neighbours, were being carried on here; and jokes, unintelligible to whoever had not dined at the *table d'hôte*, were still being exchanged, accompanied by many a reproachful and many a coquettish glance. A large percentage of the patients who dined at the *table d'hôte* had come here, not to be cured of any bodily ailment, but of such mental diseases as *ennui*, or a temporarily broken heart. They belonged to quite a different class from the swaddled figures in the big armchairs.

There was going to be no social *réunion*, after all, to-day. As if by common consent everyone had made straight for the garden. Such an evening as this could not be wasted in the Cursalon. Even the dancers felt this. A few minutes passed before the large



groups began to break up and to disperse themselves in smaller groups all over the garden.

Luigi caught sight of a white dress and went towards it. It was not the one he was looking for. He made two or three more mistakes, and at last he found Annie sitting alone with her father on a bench in one of the side-walks.

'Is it permitted that I should sit down here?' he asked, standing still.

Annie started slightly, not immediately recognising him in the dusk.

'Have you brought my music?' she asked then without hesitation.

'Your music?'

'Yes. When I went to dinner you said that you would take care of it. I thought you were bringing it to me now.'

'I must ask a hundred pardons. I forgot all about the music. It is still lying on the piano, but I will fetch it immediately, if you wish.'

He had half turned away when Mr. Brand rose suddenly to his feet.

'I'll see after the music,' he decided, in a tone which put all idea of opposition out of the question. 'You stop here and take care of Annie. I'll be back directly.'

And he turned and tramped away up the walk. 'The Princessa herself couldn't have done that better,' he chuckled to himself as he went.

Luigi looked after him almost in consternation. To sit on a bench in the dusk beside an unchaperoned young girl was, as he knew well enough, a grave offence against the formalities of Italian society. He had done so before, it is true, but this time the bare idea of it frightened him in a way which he did not know how to account for. If it had not been too ridiculous he would have liked to call Mr. Brand back. He looked doubtfully at Annie, half afraid of increasing her confusion, but to his surprise there was no confusion whatever visible upon her face. She sat there quite serenely, and seemed to be wondering why he should prefer to stand.

There was plenty of room on the bench. Luigi sat down as far as he could from Miss Brand, and for several minutes said nothing at all. At last he turned towards her.

'You are very fond of music, I suppose?' he asked, a little diffidently.

'Yes, I am fond of music; but why do you suppose so?'

'Because I heard you singing.'

'You would have heard me singing even if I was not fond of music. I was only practising the songs which Miss Felt taught me, and because I don't want father to have wasted his money upon my singing lessons.'

'You have got a fine voice.'

'Yes, I know I have got a fine voice,' said Annie, readily. 'Miss Felt told me so.'

Luigi could not help feeling astonished. He had never yet paid a compliment to a young lady without being answered by a more or less graceful deprecation. Instinctively he had expected the same here, and he could not even feel certain whether the want of it pleased him or not.

'That song suits your voice particularly well, only you don't pronounce the Italian quite as it ought to be.'

'Which song do you mean?'

'*Voi che sapete*. Now, for instance, your *sapette* sounds as though it had two *t's* in it. It should be more drawn out, like this: *sape-te*.'

'*Sape-te*,' repeated Annie carefully. 'Is that right?'

'It is better. And then—if you will permit me to make the remark—you do not always give the right expression to the words.'

'That is very possible,' said Annie, thoughtfully, 'because I do not understand them. If I had stayed one year longer at school I should have learnt Italian, for it is one of the "final subjects."'

'But did not your singing mistress explain to you what the words meant? How could she expect you to do justice to the song unless you knew what you were singing about?'

Annie considered the matter for a moment.

'I don't think that Miss Felt understood the words herself.'

'This is terrible,' said Luigi, with profound conviction.

'What is terrible?'

'Why, the idea of mutilating such a masterpiece through simple ignorance. It is enough to make Mozart leap out of his grave, the poor *maestro*! See, I am no musician myself, although I adore music, and I have never seen Miss Felt, and yet I already hate her for this crime. Did she never tell you that a song must be sung with the *soul* as well as with the voice? Did she give you no instructions?'

Luigi's momentary diffidence had completely vanished; he was talking with all the warmth of a nature which has been touched upon one of its most sensitive points. With his right hand he had broken off a twig of a bush close by, and was twirling it between his fingers as he spoke. He had shifted his position slightly, so as to be able to see his companion's face. His shining eyes were fixed upon her with an almost stern inquiry.

Annie did not immediately answer. She was wondering within herself whether it was quite right to *adore* anything except one's Maker. 'Adore,' 'hate,' 'crime,' all these expressions seemed to her much too strong for the occasion, and somewhat disturbed her.

'Yes, Miss Felt gave me a great many instructions,' she said at last. 'She told me at which sign I was to sing more loudly and at which more softly; on which notes I was to stop long, and——'

Luigi uttered an impatient exclamation and threw away the twig which he had been holding.

'That is not it. Let us leave Miss Felt. When you know the story of the song you will not require any more printed signs. I once heard it sung at a concert by a celebrated singer—perhaps that is why I cannot bear to hear it murdered. The story is very simple. It is a young man who does not understand his own mind; he loves, and does not know that he loves; he suspects, but is not sure. Therefore he goes to the women, of whom he knows that they cannot live without love, and says to them: "*Voi che sapete*—You who know what love is, tell me, women, whether I have it in my heart." Then he tells them what he feels; it is new to him, he does not know how to grasp it. "*Gelo e poi sento l'anima avvampar, e in un momento torno a gelar.*" That means that he feels in one moment as cold as ice, and in the next moment as hot as fire, and in the third moment he is cold again. "*Ricerco un bene*—" How shall I translate this? Let me see—what he wants to say is that he feels a desire, a thirst for something, some great good that stands outside himself, which he does not know how to name, neither does he know who holds this good; he does not even know what the good is. I don't know if I have explained myself rightly; it is a sort of feeling that one sometimes has, but which it is difficult to put into words.'

Luigi had pulled off another of the twigs that were hanging over his shoulder, and was stripping the leaves from it as he rapidly talked.

Annie was silent, not being able conscientiously to say that

the final explanation was entirely clear to her. However, she resolved to examine the question at leisure.

'I sigh and lament without wishing it,' resumed Luigi, and then interrupted himself with a half laugh. 'That is to say, I do not do so, but Cherubino does so in the "*Nozze di Figaro*." I tremble and palpitate without knowing it—*non trovo pace notte ne dì; ma pur mi piace languir così*—I find no peace day and night; and yet it pleases me thus to languish. The whole passage must be sung always *accelerando*—quicker and quicker, breathlessly, I should say, until at the *ma pur mi piace* it gets suddenly slow, almost dragged out. Do you understand how I mean it?'

'I think so,' said Annie, and an instant later she added: 'That about his feeling hot and cold sounds a little as though he were a fever patient, and the women a doctor, or a conclave of doctors, to whom he had come with his symptoms.'

Luigi looked at her in startled inquiry, but from what he could see of her face it was clear that the remark was quite innocent of any intention of sarcasm. This style of remarks, as well as the deliberation with which they were made, was new to him and opposed to his nature, and yet they were not unpleasant, for he felt that they were honest, just as he instinctively guessed that the deliberation did not arise from stupidity, but rather from an over-conscientious desire to speak the truth.

'Well, and supposing he is a patient,' he said upon impulse, 'love is a fever, is it not?'

'That may be,' said Annie calmly.

And then Luigi began to give more minute instructions as to the execution of the song, speaking with animation and intensity, and with occasional gestures which helped him to emphasise his meaning. While Annie listened the satin cap and the meagre profile of her singing mistress rose before her mind's eye, and she felt more than ever certain that Miss Felt had not known what she was singing about. At the same time, she could not help reflecting that these gestures were superfluous, and that words alone—and more moderate words too—would have been quite as intelligible to her.

'Thank you,' she said when Luigi broke off. 'I shall study the song over again.'

Luigi had finished speaking, and Annie too sat for a while silent, breathing in the warm, scented air. From his end of the bench Luigi could just see the pure outline of her profile against

a square of starlit sky. Under cover of the dusk he felt that he could allow his eyes to rest upon the picture. He was glad that it was dusk and not daylight, for the picture satisfied the craving for beauty in every form which belongs not only to his nation, but with him was individual. Voices could be heard through the bushes, but except for an occasional group that passed chattering up this side-walk, they had been practically alone all the time.

'There must be mignonette somewhere near,' said Annie all at once. 'It reminds me of Cumberley. We had so much mignonette there.'

Luigi drew his brows together without answering. He wished she had not spoken—he wished she had not moved. The outline of the profile had been disturbed, and he had been brought back to common things.

'Father cannot have found the music,' she said after another pause. 'I wish I had put it back into the portfolio myself.'

'You will never trust me again, I suppose,' said Luigi. It was a remark that ought by rights to have been made in a playful tone, but it sounded, on the contrary, quite serious and a little dreamy.

'How can I say whether I can trust you or not when I don't know you at all? Perhaps you have only got a bad memory.'

'I don't think I have got a bad memory, but I was thinking of other things. Is that very wrong?'

'Why do you ask me? You should know better than I.'

'I feel that I should like to know your opinion.'

'I don't know if it is wrong, but I think that one ought to do entirely whatever one does.'

'Even if it is putting music back in a portfolio?'

'Yes, whether it be putting music back in a portfolio or winning a battle. Just in the same way I also think that one ought to be entirely what one is—whether it be a workman or a soldier, or a king or a bootblack. I mean,' finished Annie in some confusion, perceiving that she had got entangled in a sermon on morals—'I only mean that I don't think it is quite honest not to put one's soul into whatever one is, or at least is trying to be.'

'Ah!' said Luigi quickly, as though his attention had been arrested anew. 'What is that you say? That interests me.'

'There is father coming at last,' said Annie in some relief. 'I wonder if he has found the music.'

There was no moon to light Luigi on his way across the valley, but such a night as this requires no moon. The mild and even

light of millions of stars was a safer guide than the sharp white lights and deceptive black shadows of the most perfect full moon. To-night there were none of those surprises that moonlight brings with it—no bushes masquerading as monsters, and no grass blades transformed into the likeness of serpents—none of those startling discoveries that cause the hearts of nervous people to leap into their mouths. The starlight is far less sensational than moonlight; it does not deal in grand effects, and is content to spread an equally woven veil of silver over hill and valley, earth and water alike.

Luigi, who knew every stone of the path by heart, could have dispensed even with the stars. Two years ago he had often gone this way. He walked slowly, his head bare to the motionless air, his military cap in one hand, while the other rested on the hilt of his sword, which else was apt to trail on the path and disturb his reflections by clashing against the stones of the river bed. Mozart's air was still humming in his head. He was saying to himself that he had never before had a conversation just like the one of this evening with any young lady of his acquaintance—but had he ever before met a young lady who was exactly like this one? He did not think so. He shut his eyes for a moment and tried to recall the outline of her profile against the flickering stars behind, and as he recalled it he felt the blood mounting slowly to his forehead. Then he remembered how round had been the arm that rested upon her lap, delicately veiled by the muslin sleeve. Something like a shiver of cold ran over his limbs. And yet the night was so warm.

*Voi che sapete—*

(*To be continued.*)

## *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.<sup>1</sup>*

### LECTURE VI.

#### THE GREAT EXPEDITION TO THE WEST INDIES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH and her brother-in-law of Spain were reluctant champions of opposing principles. In themselves they had no wish to quarrel, but each was driven forward by fate and circumstance—Philip by the genius of the Catholic religion, Elizabeth by the enthusiasts for freedom and by the advice of statesmen who saw no safety for her except in daring. Both wished for peace, and refused to see that peace was impossible; but both were compelled to yield to their subjects' eagerness. Philip had to threaten England with invasion; Elizabeth had to show Philip that England had a long arm, which Spanish wisdom would do well to fear. It was a singular position. Philip had outraged orthodoxy and dared the anger of Rome by maintaining an ambassador at Elizabeth's Court after her excommunication. He had laboured for a reconciliation with a sincerity which his secret letters make it impossible to doubt. He had condescended even to sue for it in spite of Drake and the voyage of the *Pelican*; yet he had helped the Pope to set Ireland in a flame. He had encouraged Elizabeth's Catholic subjects in conspiracy after conspiracy. He had approved of attempts to dispose of her as he had disposed of the Prince of Orange. Elizabeth had retaliated, though with half a heart, by letting her soldiers volunteer into the service of the revolted Netherlands, by permitting English privateers to plunder the Spanish colonies, seize the gold ships, and revenge their own wrongs. Each, perhaps, had wished to show the other what an open war would cost them both, and each drew back when war appeared inevitable.

<sup>1</sup> Lectures delivered at Oxford in Easter Term, 1894, in continuation of those given last year. The first four Lectures on 'English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century' appeared in the numbers of this Magazine for July, August, September, and October, 1893.



Events went their way. Holland and Zeeland, driven to extremity, had petitioned for incorporation with England. As a counter stroke and a warning Philip had arrested the English corn ships and imprisoned the owners and the crews. Her own fleet was nothing. The safety of the English shores depended on the spirit of the adventurers, and she could not afford to check the anger with which the news was received. To accept the offer of the States was war, and war she would not have. Herself she would not act at all, but in her usual way she might let her subjects act for themselves, and plead, as Philip pleaded in excuse for the Inquisition, that she could not restrain them. And thus it was that in September 1585 Sir Francis Drake found himself with a fleet of twenty-five privateers and 2,500 men who had volunteered to serve with him under his own command. He had no distinct commission. The expedition had been fitted out as a private undertaking. Neither officers nor crews had been engaged for the service of the Crown. They received no wages. In the eye of the law they were pirates. They were going on their own account to read the King of Spain a necessary lesson and pay their expenses at the King of Spain's cost. Young Protestant England had taken fire. The name of Drake set every Protestant heart burning, and hundreds of gallant gentlemen had pressed in to join. A grandson of Burghley had come, and Edward Winter, the Admiral's son, and Francis Knolles, the Queen's cousin, and Martin Frobisher, and Christopher Carlile. Philip Sidney had wished to make one also in the glory; but Philip Sidney was needed elsewhere. The Queen's consent had been won from her at a bold interval in her shifting moods. The hot fit might pass away, and Burghley sent Drake a hint to be off before her humour changed. No word was said. On the morning of September 14 the signal flag was flying from Drake's maintop to up anchor and away. Drake, as he admitted after, 'was not the most assured of her Majesty's perseverance to let them go forward.' Past Ushant he would be beyond reach of recall. With light winds and calms they drifted across the bay. They fell in with a few Frenchmen homeward-bound from the Banks, and let them pass uninjured. A large Spanish ship which they met next day, loaded with excellent fresh salt fish, was counted lawful prize. The fish was new and good, and was distributed through the fleet. Standing leisurely on they cleared Finistère and came up with the Isles of Bayon, at the mouth of Vigo Harbour. They dropped anchor there, and 'it was a great matter and a royal sight to see them.'

The Spanish governor, Don Pedro Bemadero, sent off with some astonishment to know who and what they were. Drake answered with a question whether England and Spain were at war, and if not why the English merchants had been arrested. Don Pedro could but say that he knew of no war, and for the merchants an order had come for their release. For reply Drake landed part of his force on the islands, and Don Pedro, not knowing what to make of such visitors, found it best to propitiate them with cartloads of wine and fruit. The weather, which had been hitherto fine, showed signs of change. The wind rose, and the sea with it. The anchorage was exposed, and Drake sent Christopher Carlile with one of his ships and a few pinnaces up the harbour to look out for better shelter. Their appearance created a panic in the town. The alarmed inhabitants took to their boats, carrying off their property and their Church plate. Carlile, who had a Calvinistic objection to idolatry, took the liberty of detaining part of these treasures. From one boat he took a massive silver cross belonging to the High Church at Vigo; from another an image of Our Lady, which the sailors relieved of her clothes and were said, when she was stripped, to have treated with some indignity. Carlile's report being satisfactory, the whole fleet was brought the next day up the harbour and moored above the town. The news had by this time spread into the country. The governor of Galicia came down with all the force which he could collect in a hurry. Perhaps he was in time to save Vigo itself. Perhaps Drake, having other aims in view, did not care to be detained over a smaller object. The governor at any rate saw that the English were too strong for him to meddle with. The best that he could look for was to persuade them to go away on the easiest terms. Drake and he met in boats for a parley. Drake wanted water and fresh provisions. Drake was to be allowed to furnish himself undisturbed. He had secured what he most wanted. He had shown the King of Spain that he was not invulnerable in his own home dominion, and he sailed away unmolested. Madrid was in consternation. That the English could dare insult the first prince in Europe on the sacred soil of the Peninsula itself seemed like a dream. The Council of State sat for three days considering the meaning of it. Drake's name was already familiar in Spanish ears. It was not conceivable that he had come only to inquire after the arrested ships and seamen. But what could the English Queen be about? Did she not know that she existed only by the forbearance of Philip? Did she know

the King of Spain's force? Did not she and her people quake? Little England, it was said by some of these councillors, was to be swallowed at a mouthful by the king of half the world. The old Admiral Santa Cruz was less confident about the swallowing. He observed that England had many teeth, and that instead of boasting of Spanish greatness it would be better to provide against what she might do with them. Till now the corsairs had appeared only in twos and threes. With such a fleet behind him Drake might go where he pleased. He might be going to the South Seas again. He might take Madeira if he liked, or the Canary Islands. Santa Cruz himself thought he would make for the West Indies and Panama, and advised the sending out there instantly every available ship that they had.

The gold fleet was Drake's real object. He had information that it would be on its way to Spain by the Cape de Verde Islands, and he had learnt the time when it was to be expected. From Vigo he sailed for the Canaries, looked in at Palma, with 'intention to have taken our pleasure there,' found the landing dangerous and the town itself not worth the risk. He ran on to the Cape de Verde Islands. He had measured his time too narrowly. The gold fleet had arrived and had gone. He had missed it by twelve hours, 'the reason best known to God,' as he said with a sigh, and the chance of prize money was lost. But the political purpose of the expedition could still be completed. The Cape de Verde Islands could not sail away, and a beginning could be made with Sant Iago. Sant Iago was a thriving, well-populated town, and down in Drake's book as specially needing notice, some Plymouth sailors having been recently murdered there. Christopher Carlile, always handy and trustworthy, was put on shore with a thousand men to attack the place on the undefended side. The Spanish commander, the bishop, and most of the people fled, as at Vigo, into the mountains with their plate and money. Carlile entered without opposition and flew St. George's Cross from the castle as a signal to the fleet. Drake came in, landed the rest of his force, and took possession. It happened to be the 17th of November—the anniversary of the Queen's accession—and ships and batteries, dressed out with English flags, celebrated the occasion with salvoes of cannon. Houses and magazines were then searched and plundered. Wine was found in large quantities, rich merchandise for the India trade, and other valuables. Of gold and silver nothing—it had all been removed. Drake waited for a fortnight, hoping that the Spaniards would treat for the ransom of the city.

When they made no sign he marched twelve miles inland to a village where the governor and the bishop were said to have taken refuge. But the village was found deserted. The Spaniards had gone to the mountains, where it was useless to follow them, and were too proud to bargain with a pirate chief. Sant Iago was a beautifully built city, and Drake would perhaps have spared it; but a ship boy who had strayed was found murdered and barbarously mutilated. The order was given to burn. Houses, magazines, churches, public buildings were turned to ashes, and the work being finished Drake went on, as Santa Cruz expected, for the Spanish West Indies. The Spaniards were magnificent in all that they did and touched. They built their cities in their new possessions on the most splendid models of the Old World. San Domingo and Carthagena had their castles and cathedrals, palaces, squares, and streets, grand and solid as those at Cadiz and Seville, and raised as enduring monuments of the power and greatness of the Castilian monarchs. To these Drake meant to pay a visit. Beyond them was the Isthmus, where he had made his first fame and fortune, with Panama behind, the depôt of the Indian treasure. So far all had gone well with him. He had taken what he wanted out of Vigo; he had destroyed Sant Iago and had not lost a man. Unfortunately he had now a worse enemy to deal with than Spanish galleons or Spanish garrisons. He was in the heat of the tropics. Yellow fever broke out and spread through the fleet. Of those who caught the infection few recovered, or recovered only to be the wrecks of themselves. It was swift in its work. In a few days more than two hundred had died. But the north-east Trade blew merrily. The fleet sped on before it. In eighteen days they were in the roads at Domenica, the island of brooks and rivers and fruit, limes and lemons and oranges. But there were leaves and roots of the natural growth known to the Caribs as antidotes to the fever, and the Caribs, when they learnt that the English were the Spaniards' enemies, brought them this precious remedy and taught them the use of it. The ships were washed and ventilated, and the water breakers refilled. The infection seemed to have gone as suddenly as it appeared, and again all was well.

Christmas was kept at St. Kitts, which was then uninhabited. A council of war was held to consider what should be done next. San Domingo lay nearest to them. It was the finest of all the Spanish colonial cities. It was the capital of the West Indian Government, the great centre of West Indian commerce. In the cathedral, before the high altar, lay Columbus and his brother Diego. In

natural wealth no island in the world outrivals Espinola, where the city stood. A vast population had collected there, far away from harm, protected, as they supposed, by the majesty of the mother country, the native inhabitants almost exterminated, themselves undreaming that any enemy could approach them from the ocean, and therefore negligent of defence and enjoying themselves in easy security.

Drake was to give them a new experience and a lesson for the future. On their way across from St. Kitts the adventurers overhauled a small vessel bound to the same port as they were. From the crew of this vessel they learnt that the harbour at San Domingo was formed, like so many others in the West Indies, by a long sandspit, acting as a natural breakwater. The entrance was a narrow inlet at the extremity of the spit, and batteries had been mounted there to cover it. To land on the outer side of the sandbank was made impossible by the surf. There was one sheltered point only where boats could go on shore, but this was ten miles distant from the town.

Ten miles was but a morning's march. Drake went in himself in a pinnace, surveyed the landing-place, and satisfied himself of its safety. The plan of attack at Sant Iago was to be exactly repeated. On New Year's Eve Christopher Carlile was again landed with half the force in the fleet. Drake remained with the rest, and prepared to force the entrance of the harbour if Carlile succeeded. Their coming had been seen from the city. The alarm had been given, and the women and children, the money in the treasury, the consecrated plate, movable property of all kinds were sent off inland as a precaution. Of regular troops there seem to have been none, but in so populous a city there was no difficulty in collecting a respectable force to defend it. The hidalgos formed a body of cavalry. The people generally were unused to arms, but they were Spaniards and brave men and did not mean to leave their homes without a fight for it. Carlile lay still for the night. He marched at eight in the morning on New Year's Day, advanced leisurely, and at noon found himself in front of the wall. So far he had met no resistance, but a considerable body of horse—gentlemen and their servants chiefly—charged down on him out of the bush and out of the town. He formed into a square to receive them. They came on gallantly, but were received with pike and shot, and after a few attempts gave up and retired. Two gates were in front of Carlile, with a road to each leading through a jungle. At each gate were cannon, and the jungle was

lined with musketeers. He divided his men and attacked both together. One party he led in person. The cannon opened on him, and an Englishman next to him was killed. He dashed on, leaving the Spaniards no time to reload, carried the gate at a rush, and cut his way through the streets to the great square. The second division had been equally successful, and St. Domingo was theirs except the castle, which was still untaken. Carlile's numbers were too small to occupy a large city. He threw up barricades and fortified himself in the square for the night. Drake brought the fleet in at daybreak, and landed guns, when the castle surrendered. A messenger—a Negro boy—was sent to the governor to learn the terms which he was prepared to offer to save the city from pillage. The Spanish officers were smarting with the disgrace. One of them struck the lad through the body with a lance. He ran back bleeding to the English lines and died at Drake's feet. Sir Francis was a dangerous man to provoke. Such doings had to be promptly stopped. In the part of the town which he occupied was a monastery with a number of friars in it. The religious orders he well knew were the chief instigators of the policy which was maddening the world. He sent two of these friars with the provost marshal to the spot where the boy had been struck, promptly hanged them, and then despatched another to tell the governor that he would hang two more every day at the same place till the officer was punished. The Spaniards had long learnt to call Drake the *Draque*, the serpent, the devil. They feared that the devil might be a man of his word. The offender was surrendered. It was not enough. Drake insisted that they should do justice on him themselves. The governor found it prudent to comply, and the too hasty youth was executed.

The next point was the ransom of the city. The Spaniards still hesitating, two hundred men were told off each morning to burn, while the rest searched the private houses, and palaces, and magazines. Government House was the grandest building in the New World. It was approached by broad flights of marble stairs. Great doors opened on a spacious gallery leading into a great hall, and above the portico hung the arms of Spain—a globe representing the world, a horse leaping upon it, and in the horse's mouth a scroll with the haughty motto '*Non sufficit orbis.*' Palace and scutcheon were levelled into dust by axe and gunpowder, and each day for a month the destruction went on, Drake's demands steadily growing and the unhappy governor vainly pleading impossibility.

Vandalism, atrocity unheard of among civilised nations, dis-



honour to the Protestant cause, Drake deserving to swing at his own yardarm; so indignant liberalism shrieked, and has not ceased shrieking. Let it be remembered that for fifteen years the Spaniards had been burning English seamen whenever they could catch them, plotting to kill the Queen and reduce England itself into vassaldom to the Pope. The English nation, the loyal part of it, were replying to the wild pretension by the hands of their own admiral. If Philip chose to countenance assassins, if the Holy Office chose to burn English sailors as heretics, those heretics had a right to make Spain understand that such a game was dangerous, that, as Santa Cruz had said, they had teeth and could use them.

It was found in the end that the governor's plea of impossibility was more real than was at first believed. The gold and silver had been really carried off. All else that was valuable had been burnt or taken by the English. The destruction of a city so solidly built was tedious and difficult. Near half of it was blown up. The cathedral was spared, perhaps as the resting-place of Columbus. Drake had other work before him. After staying a month in undisturbed occupation he agreed to accept 25,000 ducats as a ransom for what was left and sailed away.

It was now February. The hot season was coming on, when the climate would be dangerous. There was still much to do and the time was running short. Panama had to be left for another opportunity. Drake's object was to deal blows which would shake the faith of Europe in the Spanish power. Carthagena stood next to San Domingo among the Spanish West Indian fortresses. The situation was strong. In 1740 Carthagena was able to beat off Vernon and a great English fleet. But Drake's crews were in high health and spirits, and he determined to see what he could do with it. Surprise was no longer to be hoped for. The alarm had spread over the Caribbean Sea. But in their present humour they were ready to go anywhere and dare anything, and to Carthagena they went:

Drake's name carried terror before it. Every non-combatant—old men, women, and children—had been cleared out before he arrived, but the rest prepared for a smart defence. The harbour at Carthagena was formed, as at San Domingo and Port Royal, by a sandspit. The spit was long, narrow, in places not fifty yards wide, and covered with prickly bush, and along this, as before, it was necessary to advance to reach the city. A trench had been cut across at the neck, and a stiff barricade built and



armed with heavy guns; behind this were several hundred musketeers, while the bush was full of Indians with poisoned arrows. Pointed stakes—poisoned also—had been driven into the ground along the approaches, on which to step was death. Two large galleys, full of men, patrolled inside the bank on the harbour edge, and with these preparations the inhabitants hoped to keep the dreadful Drake from reaching them. Carlile, as before, was to do the land fighting. He was set on shore three miles down the spit. The tide is slight in those seas, but he waited till it was out, and advanced along the outer shore at low-water mark. He was thus covered by the bank from the harbour galleys, and their shots passed over him. Two squadrons of horse came out, but could do nothing to him on the broken ground. The English pushed on to the wall, scarcely losing a man. They charged, scaled the parapets, and drove the Spanish infantry back at point of pike. Carlile killed their commander with his own hand. The rest fled after a short struggle, and Drake was master of Carthage. Here for six weeks he remained. The Spaniards withdrew out of the city, and there were again parleys over the ransom money. Courtesies were exchanged among the officers. Drake entertained the governor and his suite. The governor returned the hospitality and received Drake and the English captains. Drake demanded a hundred thousand ducats. The Spaniards offered thirty thousand, and protested that they could pay no more. The dispute might have lasted longer, but it was cut short by the reappearance of the yellow fever in the fleet, this time in a deadlier form. The Spanish offer was accepted, and Carthage was left to its owners. It was time to be off, for the heat was telling, and the men began to drop with appalling rapidity. Nombre de Dios and Panama were near and under their lee, and Drake threw longing eyes on what, if all else had been well, might have proved an easy capture. But on a review of their strength it was found that there were but 700 fit for duty who could be spared for the service, and a council of war decided that a march across the Isthmus with so small a force was too dangerous to be ventured. Enough had been done for glory, enough for the political impression to be made in Europe. The King of Spain had been dared in his own dominions. Three fine Spanish cities had been captured by storm and held to ransom. In other aspects the success had fallen short of expectation. This time they had taken no *Cacafuego* with a year's produce of the mines, as before. The plate and coin had been carried off,

and the spoils had been in a form not easily turned to value. The expedition had been fitted out by private persons to pay its own cost. The result in money was but 60,000*l*. Forty thousand had to be set aside for expenses. There remained but 20,000*l*. to be shared among the ships' companies. Men and officers had entered, high and low, without wages, on the chance of what they might get. The officers and owners gave a significant demonstration of the splendid spirit in which they had gone about their work. They decided to relinquish their own claims on the ransom paid for Carthagea, and bestow the same on the common seamen, wishing it were so much again as would be a sufficient reward for their painful endeavour.

Thus all were well satisfied, conscious all that they had done their duty to their Queen and country. The adventurers' fleet turned homewards at the beginning of April. What men could do they had achieved. They could not fight against the pestilence of the tropics. For many days the yellow fever did its deadly work among them, and only slowly abated. They were delayed by calms and unfavourable winds. Their water ran short. They had to land again at Cape Antonio, the western point of Cuba, and sink wells to supply themselves. Drake himself, it was observed, worked with spade and bucket, like the meanest person in the whole company, always foremost where toil was to be endured or honour won, the wisest in the devising of enterprises, the calmest in danger, the first to set an example of energy in difficulties, and, above all, the firmest in maintaining order and discipline. The fever slackened as they reached the cooler latitudes. They worked their way up the Bahama Channel, going north to avoid the Trades. The French Protestants had been attempting to colonise in Florida. The Spaniards had built a fortress on the coast, to observe their settlements and, as occasion offered, cut Huguenot throats. As he passed by Drake paid this fortress a visit and wiped it out. Further north again he was in time to save the remnant of an English settlement rashly planted there by another brilliant servant of Queen Elizabeth.

Of all the famous Elizabethans Sir Walter Raleigh is the most romantically interesting. His splendid and varied gifts, his chequered fortunes, and his cruel end will embalm his memory in English history. But Raleigh's great accomplishments promised more than they performed. His hand was in everything, but of work successfully completed he had less to show than others far his inferiors, to whom fortune had offered fewer oppor-

tunities. He was engaged in a hundred schemes at once, and in every one of them there was always some taint of self, some personal ambition or private object to be gained. His life is a record of undertakings begun in enthusiasm, maintained imperfectly, and failures in the end. Among his other adventures he had sent a colony to Virginia. He had imagined, or had been led by others to believe, that there was an Indian Court there brilliant as Montezuma's, an enlightened nation crying to be admitted within the charmed circle of Gloriana's subjects. His princes and princesses proved things of air, or mere Indian savages; and of Raleigh there remains nothing in Virginia save the name of the city which is called after him. The starving survivors of his settlement on the Roanoc River were taken on board by Drake's returning squadron and carried home to England, where they all arrived safely, to the glory of God, as our pious ancestors said and meant in unconventional sincerity, on July 28, 1586.

The expedition, as I have said, barely paid its cost. In the shape of wages the officers received nothing, and the crews but a few pounds a man; but there was, perhaps, not one of them who was not better pleased with the honour which he had brought back than if he had come home loaded with doubloons.

Startled Catholic Europe meanwhile rubbed its eyes and began to see that the 'enterprise of England,' as the intended invasion was called, might not be the easy thing which the seminary priests described it. The seminary priests had said that so far as England was Protestant at all it was Protestant only by the accident of its Government, that the immense majority of the people were Catholic at heart and were thirsting for a return to the fold, that on the first appearance of a Spanish army of deliverance the whole edifice which Elizabeth had raised would crumble to the ground. I suppose it is true that if the world had then been advanced to its present point of progress, if there had been then recognised a divine right to rule in the numerical majority, even without a Spanish army, the seminary priests would have had their way. Elizabeth's Parliaments were controlled by the municipalities of the towns, and the towns were Protestant. A Parliament chosen by universal suffrage and electoral districts would have sent Cecil and Walsingham into private life or to the scaffold, replaced the Mass in the churches, and reduced the Queen, if she had been left on the throne, into the humble servant of the Pope and Philip. It would not, perhaps,

have lasted, but that, so far as I can judge, would have been the immediate result, and instead of a Reformation we should have had the light come in the shape of lightning. But I have often asked my Radical friends what is to be done if out of every hundred enlightened voters two-thirds will give their votes one way, but are afraid to fight, and the remaining third will not only vote but will fight too if the poll goes against them. Which has, then, the right to rule? I can tell them which will rule. The brave and resolute minority will rule. Plato says that if one man was stronger than all the rest of mankind he would rule all the rest of mankind. It must be so, because there is no appeal. The majority must be prepared to assert their divine right with their right hands, or it will go the way that other divine rights have gone before. I will not believe the world to have been so ill constructed that there are rights which cannot be enforced. It appears to me that the true right to rule in any nation lies with those who are best and bravest, whether their numbers are large or small; and three centuries ago the best and bravest part of this English nation had determined, though they were but a third of it, that Pope and Spaniard should be no masters of theirs. Imagination goes for much in such excited times. To the imagination of Europe in the sixteenth century the power of Spain appeared irresistible if she chose to exert it. Heretic Dutchmen might rebel in a remote province, English pirates might take liberties with Spanish traders, but the Prince of Parma was making the Dutchmen feel their master at last. The pirates were but so many wasps, with venom in their stings, but powerless to affect the general tendencies of things. Except to the shrewder eyes of such men as Santa Cruz the strength of the English at sea had been left out of count in the calculations of the resources of Elizabeth's Government. Suddenly a fleet of these same pirates, sent out, unassisted by their sovereign, by the private impulse of a few individuals, had insulted the sacred soil of Spain herself, sailed into Vigo, pillaged the churches, taken anything that they required, and had gone away unmolested. They had attacked, stormed, burnt, or held to ransom three of Spain's proudest colonial cities, and had come home unfought with. The Catholic conspirators had to recognise that they had a worse enemy to deal with than Puritan centrovserialists or spoilt Court favourites. The Protestant English mariners stood between them and their prey, and had to be encountered on an element which did not bow to popes or princes

before Mary Stuart was to wear Elizabeth's crown or Cardinal Allen be enthroned at Canterbury. It was a revelation to all parties. Elizabeth herself had not expected—perhaps had not wished—so signal a success. War was now looked on as inevitable. The Spanish admirals represented that the national honour required revenge for an injury so open and so insolent. The Pope, who had been long goading the lethargic Philip into action, believed that now at last he would be compelled to move, and even Philip himself, enduring as he was, had been roused to perceive that intrigues and conspiracies would serve his turn no longer. He must put out his strength in earnest, or his own Spaniards might turn upon him as unworthy of the crown of Isabella. Very reluctantly he allowed the truth to be brought home to him. He had never liked the thought of invading England. If he conquered it he would not be allowed to keep it. Mary Stuart would have to be made queen, and Mary Stuart was part French, and might be wholly French. The burden of the work would be thrown entirely on his shoulders, and his own reward was to be the Church's blessing and the approval of his own conscience—nothing else, so far as he could see. The Pope would recover his annates, his Peter's pence, and his indulgence market.

If the thing was to be done the Pope, it was clear, ought to pay part of the cost, and this was what the Pope did not intend to do if he could help it. The Pope was flattering himself that Drake's performance would compel Spain to go to war with England whether he assisted or did not. In this matter Philip attempted to undeceive his Holiness. He instructed Olivarez, his ambassador at Rome, to tell the Pope that nothing had been yet done to him by the English which he could not overlook, and unless the Pope would come down with a handsome contribution peace he would make. The Pope stormed and raged; he said he doubted whether Philip was a true son of the Church at all; he flung plates and dishes at the servants' heads at dinner. He said that if he gave Philip money Philip would put it in his pocket and laugh at him. Not one maravedi would he give till a Spanish army was actually landed on English shores, and from this resolution he was not to be moved.

To Philip it was painfully certain that if he invaded and conquered England the English Catholics would insist that he must make Mary Stuart queen. He did not like Mary Stuart. He disapproved of her character. He distrusted her promises. Spite of

Jesuits and seminary priests he believed that she was still a Frenchwoman at heart, and a bad woman besides. Yet something he must do for the outraged honour of Castile. He concluded, in his slow way, that he would collect a fleet, the largest and best appointed that had ever floated on the sea. He would send or lead it in person to the English Channel. He would command the situation with an overwhelming force, and then would choose some course which would be more convenient to himself than to his Holiness at Rome. On the whole he was inclined to let Elizabeth continue queen, and forget and forgive if she would put away her Walsinghams and her Drakes, and would promise to be good for the future. If she remained obstinate his great fleet would cover the passage of the Prince of Parma's army, and he would then dictate his own terms in London.

J. A. FROUDE.

## *To S. C.*

**I** HEARD the pulse of the besieging sea  
 Throb far away all night. I heard the wind  
 Fly crying and convulse tumultuous palms.  
 I rose and strolled. The isle was all bright sand,  
 And flailing fans and shadows of the palm ;  
 The heaven all moon and wind and the blind vault ;  
 The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept.  
 The king, my neighbour, with his host of wives,  
 Slept in the precinct of the palisade ;  
 Where single, in the wind, under the moon,  
 Among the slumbering cabins, blazed a fire,  
 Sole street-lamp and the only sentinel.

To other lands and nights my fancy turned—  
 To London first, and chiefly to your house,  
 The many-pillared and the well-beloved.  
 There yearning fancy lighted ; there again  
 In the upper room I lay, and heard far off  
 The unsleeping city murmur like a shell ;  
 The muffled tramp of the Museum guard  
 Once more went by me ; I beheld again  
 Lamps vainly brighten the dispeopled street ;  
 Again I longed for the returning morn,  
 The awaking traffic, the bestirring birds,  
 The consentaneous trill of tiny song  
 That weaves round monumental cornices  
 A passing charm of beauty. Most of all,  
 For your light foot I wearied, and your knock  
 That was the glad reveillé of my day.

Lo, now, when to your task in the great house  
 At morning through the portico you pass,  
 One moment glance, where by the pillared wall,  
 Far-voyaging island gods, begrimed with smoke,



Sit now unworshipped, the rude monument  
Of faiths forgot and races undivined :  
Sit now disconsolate, remembering well  
The priest, the victim, and the songful crowd,  
The blaze of the blue noon, and that huge voice  
Incessant, of the breakers on the shore.  
As far as these from their ancestral shrine,  
So far, so foreign, your divided friends  
Wander, estranged in body, not in mind.  
The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,  
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,  
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.  
Far set in fields and woods, the town I see  
Spring gallant from the shallows of her smoke,  
Cragg'd, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort  
Beflagg'd. About, on seaward drooping hills,  
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth  
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,  
And populous Fife smokes with a score of towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,  
Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead,  
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.  
Their works, the salt-encrusted, still survive ;  
The sea bombards their founded towers ; the night  
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps. The artificers,  
One after one, here in this grated cell,  
Where the rain erases and the rust consumes,  
Fell upon lasting silence. Continents  
And continental oceans intervene ;  
A sea uncharted, on a lampless isle,  
Environs and confines their wandering child  
In vain. The voice of generations dead  
Summons me, sitting distant, to arise,  
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,  
And all mutation over, stretch me down  
In that denoted city of the dead.

R. L. STEVENSON.

*Isle of Apemama.*

## *The Lady of the Pool.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

### CHAPTER VI.

THERE WAS SOMEBODY.

TWO worlds and half a dozen industries had conspired to shower gold on Calder Wentworth's head. There was land in the family, brought by his grandmother; there was finance on the paternal side (whence came a Portuguese title, carefully eschewed by Calder); there had been a London street, half a watering-place, a South African mine, and the better part of an American railway. The street and the watering-place remained; the mine and the railway had been sold at the top of the market. About the same time the family name became Wentworth—it had been Stripes, which was felt to be absurd—and the family itself began to take an exalted place in society. The rise was the easier because, when old Mr. Stripes-Wentworth died, young Mr. Calder S. Wentworth became the only representative; and a rich young bachelor can rise lightly to heights inaccessible to the feet of less happily situated folk. It seemed part of Providence's benevolence that when Lady Forteville asked how many 'Stripes women' there were, the answer could be 'None;' whereupon the countess at once invited Mr. Calder Wentworth to dinner. Calder went, and rolled his frog's eyes with much amusement when the lady asked him to what Wentworths he belonged, for, as he observed to Miss Glyn, whom he had the pleasure of escorting, his Wentworths were an entirely new brand, and Lady Forteville knew it as well as if she had read the letters patent and invented the coat-of-arms.

'Mr. Wentworth—Mr. Merceron,' said Victor Sutton, with a wave of his hand.

'I believe I know an uncle of yours—an uncommon clever fellow,' said Calder, unfolding his napkin and glancing round the dining-room of the Themis Club.

'Oh, Uncle Van? Yes, we consider him our——'

'Leading article? Quite so. I've heard a bit about you too—something about a canoe, eh?'

Charlie looked somewhat disturbed.

'Oughtn't Sutton to have told me? Well, it's too late now, because I've told half a dozen fellows.'

'But there's nothing to tell.'

'Well, I told it to old Thrapston—you don't know him, do you? Cunningest old boy in London. Upon my honour, you know, I shouldn't like to be like old Thrapston, not when I was getting old, you know. He's too——'

'Well, what did he say?' asked Victor.

'He said what you never had the sense to see, my boy; but I expect Mr. Merceron won't be obliged to me for repeating it.'

'I should like to hear it,' said Charlie, with necessary politeness.

'Well, it's not me, it's old Thrapston; and if you say it's wrong, I'll believe you. Old Thrapston—hang it, Victor, that old man ought to be hanged! Why, only the other day I saw him——'

'Do stick to the point,' groaned Victor.

'All right. Well, he said, "I'll lay a guinea there was a"—and he winked his sinful old eye, you know, for all the world like a what-d'ye-call-it in a cathedral—one of those hideous—I say, what is the word, Victor? I saw 'em when Agatha took me—beg pardon, Merceron?'

Was the world full of Agathas? If so, it would be well not to start whenever one was mentioned. Charlie recovered himself.

'I think you must mean a gurgoyle,' he said, wondering who this Agatha might be.

'Of course I do. Fancy forgetting that! Gurgoyle, of course. Well, old Thrapston said, "I'll lay a guinea there was a woman in that dashed summer-house, Calder, my boy."'

Victor Sutton's eyes lighted with a gleam.

'Well, I'm hanged if I ever thought of that! Charlie, you held us all!'

'Bosh!' said Charlie Merceron. 'There was no one there.'

'All right. But there ought to have been, you know—to give interest to the position.'

'Honour bright, Charlie?' asked Victor Sutton.

'Shut up, Sutton,' interposed Calder. 'He's not in the Divorce Court. Let's change the subject.'

Charlie was in a difficulty, but the better course seemed to be to allow the subject to be changed, in spite of the wink that accompanied Calder's suggestion.

'All right,' said Victor. 'How is Miss Glyn, Wentworth?'

'Oh, she's all right. She's been in the country for a bit, but she's back now.'

'And when is the happy event to be?'

Calder laid down his knife and fork and remarked deliberately:

'I haven't, my dear boy, the least idea.'

'I should hurry her up,' laughed Sutton.

'I'd just like—now I should just like to put you in my shoes for half an hour, and see you hurry up Agatha.'

'She couldn't eat me.'

'Eat you? No, but she'd flatten you out so that you'd go under that door and leave room for the jolly draught there is all the same.'

Sutton laughed complacently.

'Well, you're a patient man,' he observed. 'For my part, I like a thing to be off or on.'

It came to Charlie Merceron almost as a surprise to find that Victor's impudence—he could call it by no other name—was not reserved for his juniors or for young men from the country; but Calder took it quite good-humouredly, contenting himself with observing,

'Well, it was very soon off in your case, wasn't it, old fellow?'

Sutton flushed.

'I've told you before that that's not true,' he said angrily.

Calder laughed.

'All right, all right. We used to think, once upon a time, Merceron, you know, that old Victor here was a bit smitten himself; but he hasn't drugged my champagne yet, so of course, as he says, it was all a mistake.'

After dinner the three separated. Victor had to go to a party. Calder Wentworth proposed to Charlie that they should take a stroll together with a view to seeing whether, when they came opposite to the door of a music-hall, they would 'feel like' dropping in to see part of the entertainment. Charlie agreed, and, having lit their cigars, they set out. He found his new friend

amusing, and Calder, for his part, took a liking for Charlie, largely on account of his good looks; like many plain people, he was extremely sensitive to the influence of beauty in women and men alike.

'I say, old fellow,' he said, pressing Charlie's arm as if he had known him all his life, 'there was somebody in that summer-house, eh?'

Charlie turned with a smile and a blush. He felt confidential.

'Yes, there was, only Victor——'

'Oh, I know. I nearly break his head whenever he mentions any girl I like.'

'You know what he'd have thought—and it wasn't anything like that really.'

'Who was she, then?'

'I—I don't know.'

'Oh, I don't mean her name, of course. But what was she?'

'I don't know.'

'Where did she come from?'

'London, I believe.'

'Oh! I say, that's a queer go, Merceron.'

'I don't know what to think about it. She's simply vanished,' said poor Charlie, and no one should wonder if his voice faltered a little. Calder Wentworth laughed at many things, but he did not laugh now at Charlie Merceron. Indeed he looked unusually grave.

'I should drop it,' he remarked. 'It don't look—well—healthy.'

'Ah, you've never seen her,' said Charlie.

'No, and I tell you what—it won't be a bad thing if you don't see her again.'

'Why?'

'Because you're just in the state of mind to marry her.'

'And why shouldn't I?'

Mr. Wentworth made no answer, and they walked on till they reached Piccadilly Circus. Then Charlie suddenly darted forward.

'Hullo, what's up?' cried Calder, following him.

Charlie was talking eagerly to a very smart young lady who had just got down from an omnibus.

'By Jove! he can't have found her!' thought Calder.

It was not the unknown, but her friend Nettie Wallace, whom Charlie's quick eye had discerned; and the next moment Willie

Prime made his appearance. Charlie received them both almost with enthusiasm, and the news from Lang Marsh was asked and given. Calder drew near, and Charlie presented his friends to one another with the intent that he might get a word with Nettie while Calder engrossed her *fiancé's* attention.

'Have—have you heard from Miss Brown lately?' he was just beginning, when Calder, who had been looking steadily at Nettie, burst out:

'Hullo, I say, Miss Wallace, we've met before, haven't we? You know me, don't you?'

Nettie laughed.

'Oh, yes, I know you, sir. You're——' She paused abruptly, and glanced from Charlie to Calder, and back from Calder to Charlie. Then she blushed very red indeed.

'Well, who am I?'

'I—I saw you at—at Miss Glyn's, Mr. Wentworth.'

'Course you did—that's it;' and, looking curiously at the girl's flushed face, he added: 'Don't be afraid to mention Miss Glyn; Mr. Merceron knows all about it.'

'All about it, does he, sir?' cried Nettie. 'Well, I'm glad of that. I haven't been easy in my mind ever since.'

Calder's conformation of eye enabled him to express much surprise by facial expression, and at this moment he used his power to the full.

'Awfully kind of you, Miss Wallace,' said he, 'but I don't see where your responsibility comes in. Ever since what?'

Nettie shot a glance of inquiry at Charlie, but here too she met only bewilderment.

'Does he know that Miss Glyn is——' she began.

'Engaged to me? Certainly.'

'Oh!'

Willie stood by in silence. He had never heard of this Miss Glyn. Charlie, puzzled as he was, was too intent on Miss Brown to spend much time wondering why Miss Glyn's affairs should have been a trouble to Nettie.

'You'll let me know if you hear about her, won't you?' he asked in a low voice.

Nettie gave up the hope of understanding. She shook her head.

'I'll ask her, if I see her, whether she wishes it,' she whispered back; and, with a hasty good night, she seized Willie's arm and hurried him off. Charlie was left alone with Calder.

'What the deuce did she mean?' asked Calder.

'I don't know,' answered Charlie.

'Where did you meet her?'

'Oh, down at home. The fellow she was with is a son of a tenant of ours; she's going to marry him.'

'She's a nice little girl, but I'm hanged if I know what she meant.'

And, as the one was thinking exclusively of Agatha Glyn, and the other spared a thought for no one but Agatha Brown, they did not arrive at an explanation.

One result, however, that chance encounter had. The next morning Miss Agatha Glyn received a letter in the following terms:—

'Madame,—I hope you will excuse me intruding, but I think you would wish to know that Mr. Charles Merceron is in London, and that I met him this evening with Mr. Wentworth. As you informed me that you had passed Mr. Merceron on the road two or three times during your visit to Lang Marsh, I think you may wish to be informed of the above. I may add that Mr. Merceron is aware that you are engaged to Mr. Wentworth, but I could not make out how far he was aware of what happened at Lang Marsh. I think he does not know it. Of course you will know whether Mr. Wentworth is aware of your visit there. I should be much obliged if you would be so kind as to tell me *what to say* if I meet the gentlemen again. Mr. Merceron is very pressing in asking me for news of you. I am to be married in a fortnight from the present date, and I am, Madame, yours respectfully,—  
NETTIE WALLACE.'

'In London, and with Calder!' exclaimed Agatha Glyn. 'Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! What is to be done? I wish I'd never gone near the wretched place!'

Then she took up the letter and re-read it.

'He and I mustn't meet, that's all,' she said.

Then she slowly tore the letter into very small pieces and put them in the wastepaper basket.

'Calder has no idea where I was,' she said, and she sat down by the window and looked out over the Park for nearly ten minutes.

'Ah, well! I should like to see him just once again. Dear old Pool!' said she.



Then she suddenly began to laugh—an action only to be excused in one in her position, and burdened with her sins, by the fact of her having at the moment a peculiarly vivid vision of Millie Bushell going head first out of a canoe.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE INEVITABLE MEETING.

THE first Viscount Thrapston had been an eminent public character, and the second a respectable private person; the third had been neither. And yet there was some good in the third. He had loved his only son with a fondness rare to find; and for ten whole years, while the young man was between seventeen and twenty-seven, the old lord lived, for his sake, a life open to no reproach. Then the son died, leaving a lately married wife and a baby-girl, and Lord Thrapston, deprived at once of hope and of restraint, returned to his old courses, till age came upon him and drove him from practice into reminiscence. Mrs. Glyn had outlived her husband fifteen years and then followed him, fairly snubbed to death, some said, by her formidable father-in-law. The daughter was of sterner stuff, and early discovered for herself that nothing worse than a scowl or a snarl was to be feared. On her, indeed, descended a relic of that tenderness her father had enjoyed, and Agatha used to the full the advantages it gave her. She knew her own importance. It is not every girl who will be a peeress in her own right, and she amused her grandfather by calmly informing him that it was not on the whole a subject for regret that she had not been a boy. 'You see,' said she, 'we get rid of the new viscounty, and it's much better to be Warmley than Thrapston.'

The fact that she was some day to be 'Warmley' was the mainspring of that hairbrained jaunt to Lang Marsh in company with Nettie Wallace. Nettie was the daughter of Lord Thrapston's housekeeper, and the two girls had been intimate in youth, much as Charlie Merceron and Willie Prime had been at the Court; and when Nettie, scorning servitude, set up in life for herself, Agatha gave her her custom and did not withdraw her friendship. In return, she received an allegiance which refused none of her behests, and a regard which abolished all formality between

them, except when Nettie got a pen in her hand and set herself to compose a polite letter. The expedition was, of course, to see the Court—the old home of the Warmleys, for which Agatha felt a sentimental attraction. She had told herself that some day, if she were rich (and, Lord Thrapston not being rich, she must have had some other resource in her mind), she would buy back Langbury Court and get rid of the Merceron's altogether. There were only a widow and a boy, she had heard, and they should have their price. So she went to the Court in the businesslike mood of a possible purchaser (Calder could afford anything), as well as in the romantic mood of a girl escaped from everyday surroundings and plunging into a past full of interest to her. Had not she also read of Agatha Merceron? And in this mixed mood she remained till one evening at the Pool she had met 'the boy,' when the mood became more mixed still. She dared not now look back on the struggles she had gone through before her meeting with the boy became first a daily event, and then the daily event. She had indulged herself for once. It was not to last; but for once it was overpoweringly sweet to be gazed at by eyes that did not remind her of a frog's, and to see swiftly darting towards her a lithe straight figure crowned with a head that (so she said) reminded her of Lord Byron's. But alas! alas! why had nobody told her that the boy was like that before she went? Why did her grandfather take no care of her? Why did Calder never show any interest in what she did? Why, in fine, was everybody so cruel as to let her do exactly what she liked, and thereby get into a scrape like this?

One thing was certain. If that boy were in London, she must avoid him. They must never meet. It was nonsense for Mr. Sigismund Taylor to talk of making a clean breast of it—of a dignified apology to Charlie, coupled with a no less dignified intimation that their acquaintance must be regarded as closed. Mr. Taylor knew nothing of the world. He even wanted her to tell Calder! No. She was truly and properly penitent, and she hoped that she received all he said in that line in a right spirit; but when it came to a question of expediency, she would rather have Mrs. Blunt's advice than that of a thousand Mr. Taylors. So she wrote to Mrs. Blunt and asked herself to lunch, and Mrs. Blunt, being an accomplished painstaking hostess, and having no reason to suppose that her young friend desired a confidential interview, at once cast about for some one whom Agatha would like to meet. She did not ask Calder Wentworth—she was not so

commonplace as that—but she invited Victor Sutton, and, delighting in a happy flash of inspiration, she added Mr. Vansittart Merceron. The families were connected in some way, she knew, and Agatha certainly ought to know Mr. Merceron.

Accordingly, when Agatha arrived, she found Victor, and she had not been there five minutes before the butler, throwing open the door, announced ‘Mr. Merceron.’

Uncle Van had reached that state of body when he took his time over stairs, and between the announcement and his entrance there was time for Agatha to exclaim, quite audibly,

‘Oh!’

‘What’s the matter, dear?’ asked Mrs. Blunt; but Uncle Van’s entrance forbade a reply, and left Agatha blushing but relieved.

Was she never to hear the end of that awful story? It might be natural that, her hereditary connection with the Mercerons being disclosed, Mr. Vansittart should discourse of Langbury Court, of the Pool, and of Agatha Merceron; but was it necessary that Victor Sutton should chime in with the whole history of the canoe and Miss Bushell, or joke with Mr. Merceron about his nephew’s ‘assignments’? The whole topic seemed in bad taste, and she wondered that Mrs. Blunt did not discourage it. But what horrible creatures men were! Did they really think it impossible for a girl to like to talk to a man for an hour or so in the evening without——?

‘You must let me bring my nephew to meet Miss Glyn,’ said Uncle Van graciously to his hostess. ‘She is so interested in the family history that she and Charlie would get on like wildfire. He’s mad about it.’

‘In fact,’ sniggered Victor (Miss Glyn always detested that man), ‘so interested that, as you hear, he went to meet Agatha Merceron every evening for a fortnight!’

‘You’ll be delighted to meet him, won’t you, Agatha? We must arrange a day,’ said Mrs. Blunt.

‘Calder knows him,’ added Victor.

‘He’s an idle young dog,’ said Uncle Van, ‘but a nice fellow. A little flighty and fanciful, as boys will be, but no harm in him. You mustn’t attach too much importance to our chaff about his meetings at the Pool, Miss Glyn; we don’t mean any harm.’

Agatha tried to smile, but the attempt was not a brilliant success. She stammered that she would be delighted to meet Mr. Charles Merceron, swearing in her heart that she would sooner start for *Tierra del Fuego*. But her confession to Mrs.

Blunt would save her, if only these odious men would go. They had had their coffee, and their liqueurs, and their cigarettes. What more, in Heaven's name, could even a *man* want to propitiate the god of his idolatry?

Apparently the guests themselves became aware that they were trespassing, for Uncle Van, turning to his hostess with his blandest smile, remarked,

'I hope we're not staying too long. The fact is, my dear Mrs. Blunt, you're always so kind that we took the liberty of telling Calder Wentworth to call for us here. He ought to have come by now.'

Mrs. Blunt declared that she would be offended if they thought of going before Calder came. Agatha rose in despair: the confession must be put off. She held out her hand to her hostess. At this moment the door-bell rang.

'That's him,' said Victor.

'Sit down again for a minute, dear,' urged Mrs. Blunt.

There was renewed hope for the confession. Agatha sat down. But hardly had she done so before the strangest presentiment came over her. She heard the door below open and shut, and it was borne in upon her mind that two men had entered. How she guessed it, she could not tell, but, as she sat there, she had no doubt at all that Charlie Merceron had come with Calder Wentworth. Escape was impossible, but she walked across to the window and stood there, with her back to the door.

'Mr. Wentworth!' she heard, and then, cutting the servant short, came Calder's voice.

'I took the liberty——' he began: and she did not know how he went on, for her head was swimming.

'Agatha! Agatha, dear!' called Mrs. Blunt.

Perforce she turned, passing her hand quickly across her brow. Yes! It was so. There he stood by Calder's side, and Calder was saying,

'My dear Agatha, this is Charlie Merceron.'

She would not look at Charlie. She moved slowly forward, her eyes fixed on Calder, and bowed with a little set smile. Luckily people pay slight attention to one another's expressions on social occasions, or they must all have noticed her agitation. As it was, only Calder Wentworth looked curiously at her before he turned aside to shake hands with Uncle Van.

Then she felt Charlie Merceron coming nearer, and, a second later, she heard his voice.

'Is it possible that it's you?' he asked, in a low tone.

Then she looked at him. His face was pale and his eyes eagerly straining to read what might be in hers.

'Hush!' she whispered. 'Yes. Hush! hush!'

'But—but he told me your name was Glyn?'

'Yes.'

'And he says you're engaged to him.'

Agatha clasped her hands, and Calder's voice broke in between them:

'Come along, Merceron, we're waiting for you.'

'They've got into antiquities already,' smiled Mrs. Blunt.

'You must come again, Mr. Merceron, and meet Miss Glyn. Mustn't he, Agatha?'

Agatha threw one glance at him.

'If he will,' she said.

Charlie pulled himself together, muttered something appropriate, and shuffled out under his uncle's wing. Mr. Vansittart was surprised to find him a trifle confused and awkward in society.

Outside the house, Charlie ranged up beside Calder Wentworth, leaving Uncle Van and Sutton together.

'Well, what do you think of her?' asked Calder.

Charlie gave no opinion. He asked just one question:

'How long have you been engaged to her?'

'How long? Oh, let's see. About—yes, just about a year. I never knew that there was a sort of connection between you and her—sort of relationship, you know. I ain't strong on the Peerage.'

'A sort of connection!' There was that in more senses than the one Calder had been told of by Uncle Van. There was a connection that poor Charlie thought Heaven itself had tied on those summer evenings by the Pool, which to strengthen and confirm for ever he had sallied from his home, like a knight in search of his mistress the world over in olden days. And he found her—such as this girl must be! Stay! He did not know all yet. Perhaps she had been forced into a bond she hated. He knew that happened. Did not stories tell of it, and moralists declaim against it? This man—this creature, Calder Wentworth—was buying her with his money, forcing himself on her, brutally capturing her. Of course! How could he have doubted her? Charlie dropped Calder's arm as though it had been made of red-hot iron.

'Hullo!' exclaimed that worthy fellow, unconscious of offence. Charlie stopped short.

'I can't come,' he said. 'I—I've remembered an engagement;' and without more he turned away and shot out of sight round the nearest corner.

'Well, I'm hanged!' said Calder Wentworth, and, with a puzzled frown, he joined his other friends.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MORAL OF IT.

LEFT alone with Mrs. Blunt, Agatha sank into the nearest chair.

'A very handsome young man, isn't he?' asked the good lady, pushing a chair back into its place. 'He'll be an acquisition, I think.'

Agatha made no answer, and Mrs. Blunt, glancing at her, found her devouring the carpet with a stony stare.

'What on earth's the matter, child?'

'I'm the wretchedest wickedest girl alive,' declared Agatha.

'Good gracious!'

'Mrs. Blunt, who do you think was in the summer-house when Mr. Merceron went there?'

'My dear, are you ill? You jump about so from subject to subject.'

'It's all one subject, Mrs. Blunt. There *was* a girl there.'

'Well, my dear, and if there was? Boys will be boys; and I'm sure there was no harm.'

'No harm! Oh!'

'Agatha, are you crazy?' demanded Mrs. Blunt, with an access of sternness.

'Could I fancy,' pursued Agatha, in despairing playfulness mimicking Uncle Van's manner, 'how Miss Bushell looked, and how Victor looked, and how everybody looked? Could I fancy it? Why, *I was there!*'

'There! Where?'

'Why, in that wretched little temple. I was the girl, Mrs. Blunt. I—I—I was the milkmaid, as Mr. Sutton says. I was the country wench! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!'

Mrs. Blunt, knowing her sex, held out a bottle of salts.

'I'm not mad,' said Agatha.

'You're nearly hysterical.'

Agatha took a long sniff.

'I think I can tell you now,' she said more calmly. 'But was ever a girl in such an awful position before?'

It is needless to repeat what Mrs. Blunt said. Her censures will have been long ago anticipated by every right-thinking person, and if she softened them down a little more than strict justice allowed, it must have been because Agatha was an old favourite of hers, and Lord Thrapston an old antipathy. Upon her word, she always wondered that the poor child, brought up by that horrid old man, was not twice as bad as she was.

'But what am I to do about them?' cried Agatha.

'Them' evidently meant Calder and Charlie.

'Do! Why, there's nothing to do. You must just apologise to Mr. Merceron, and tell him that an end had better be put——'

'Oh, I know—Mr. Taylor said that; but, Mrs. Blunt, I don't want an end to be put to our acquaintance. I like him very very much. Oh, and he thinks me horrid! Oh!'

'Take another sniff,' advised Mrs. Blunt. 'Of course, if Mr. Merceron is willing to let bygones be bygones, and just be an acquaintance——'

'Oh, but I know he won't. If you knew Charlie——'

'Knew *who*, Agatha?'

'Mr. Merceron,' said Agatha, in a very humble voice. 'If you knew him at all, you'd know he wouldn't do that.'

'Then you must send him about his business. Oh, yes, I know. You've treated him atrociously, but Calder Wentworth must be considered first; that is, if you care two straws for the poor fellow, which I begin to doubt.'

'Oh, I do, Mrs. Blunt!'

'Agatha, you shameless girl, which of these men——?'

'Don't talk as if there were a dozen of them, dear Mrs. Blunt. There are only two.'

'One too many.'

'Yes, I know. You—you see I'm—I'm accustomed to Calder.'

'Oh, are you?'

'Yes. Don't be unkind, Mrs. Blunt. And then Charlie was something so new—such a charming change—that——'

'Upon my word, you might be your grandfather. Talk about heredity, and Ibsen, and all that!'

'Can't you help me, dear Mrs. Blunt?'



'I can't give you two husbands, if that's what you want. There, child, don't cry. Never mind me. Have another sniff.'

'I shall go home,' said Agatha. 'Perhaps grandpapa may be able to advise me.'

'Your grandfather! Gracious goodness, girl, you're never going to tell him?'

'Yes, I shall. Grandpapa's had a lot of experience: he says so.'

'I should think he had!' whispered Mrs. Blunt with uplifted hands.

'Good-bye, Mrs. Blunt. You don't know how unhappy I am. Thanks, yes, a hansom, please. Mrs. Blunt, are you going to ask Mr. Mercer here again?'

Mrs. Blunt's toleration was exhausted.

'Be off with you!' she said sternly, pointing a forefinger at the door.

By great good fortune Agatha found Lord Thrapston at home. Drawing a footstool beside his chair, she sat down. Her agitation was past, and she wore a gravely business-like air.

'Grandpapa,' she began, 'I have got something to tell you.'

'Go ahead, my dear,' said the old gentleman, stroking her golden hair. Her father had curls like that when he was a boy.

'Something dreadful I've done, you know. But you won't be very angry, will you?'

'We'll see.'

'You oughtn't to be, because you're not very good yourself, are you?' and she first glanced up into his burnt-out old eyes and then pressed her lips on his knotted lean old hand.

'Aggy,' said he, 'I expect you play the deuce with the young fellows, don't you?'

Agatha laughed softly, but a frown succeeded.

'That's just it,' she said. 'Now, you're to listen and not interrupt, or I shall never be able to manage it. And you're not to look at me, grandpapa.'

The narrative—that thrice-told tale—began. As the comments of Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Blunt were omitted, those of Lord Thrapston may well receive like treatment, more especially as they tended not to edification; but before his granddaughter had finished her story the old man had sworn softly four times and chuckled audibly twice.

'I knew there was a girl in that temple, soon as Calder told me,' said he.

'But you didn't know who it was. Oh, and Calder doesn't?'

'Not he. Well, you've made a pretty little fool of yourself, missie. What are you going to do now?'

'That's what you've got to tell me.'

'I? Oh, I dare say. No, no; you got into the scrape and you can get out of it. And——' He suddenly recollected his duties. 'Look here, Agatha, I must—hang it, Agatha, I shouldn't be doing my duty as—as a grandfather if I didn't say that it's a monstrous disgraceful thing of you to have done. Yes, d——d disgraceful; and he took a pinch of snuff with an air of severe virtue.

'Yes, dear; but you shouldn't swear, should you?'

Lord Thrapston felt that he had spoilt the moral effect of his reproof, and, without dwelling further on that aspect of the subject, he addressed his mind to the more practical question. The outcome, different as the source was, was the same old verdict.

'We must tell Calder, my dear. It isn't right to keep him in the dark.'

'I can't tell him. Why must he be told?'

'Well,' said Lord Thrapston, 'it's just possible, Aggy, that he may have something to say to it, isn't it?'

'I don't mind what he says,' declared Agatha.

'Eh? Why, I thought you were so fond of him.'

'So I am.'

'And as you're going to marry him——'

'I never said I was going to marry him. I only said he might be engaged to me, if he liked.'

'Oho! So this young Merceron——'

'Not at all, grandpapa. Oh, I do wish somebody would help me!'

Lord Thrapston rose from his seat.

'You must do what you like,' he said. 'I'm going to tell Calder.'

'Oh, why?'

'Because,' he answered, 'I'm a man of honour.'

Before the impressive invocation of her grandfather's one religion, Agatha's opposition collapsed.

'I suppose he must be told,' she admitted mournfully. 'I expect he'll never speak to me again, and I'm sure Mr. Merceron won't;' and she sat on the footstool, the picture of dejection.

Lord Thrapston was moved to enunciate a solemn truth.

'Aggy,' said he, shaking his finger at her, 'in this world you can't have your fun for nothing.' But then he spoilt it by adding

regretfully, 'More's the pity!' and off he hobbled to the club, intent on finding Calder Wentworth.

For some time after he went, Agatha sat on her stool in deep thought. Then she rose, sat down at the writing-table, took a pen, and began to bite the end of it. At last she started to write:

'I don't know whether I ought to write or not, but I must tell you how it happened. Oh, don't think too badly of me! I came down just because I had heard so much about the Court and I wanted to see it, and I came as I did with Nettie Wallace just for fun. I never meant to say I was a dressmaker, you know; but people would ask questions and I had to say something. I never, never thought of you. I thought you were about fifteen. And you know—oh, you must know—that I met you quite by accident, and was just as surprised as you were. And the rest was all your fault. I didn't want to come again; you know I refused ever so many times; and you promised you wouldn't come if I came, and then you did come. It was really all your fault. And I'm very, very sorry, and you must please try to forgive me, dear Mr. Merceron, and not think me a very wicked girl. I had no idea of coming every evening, but you persuaded me. You know you persuaded me. And how could I tell you I was engaged? You know you never asked me. I would have told you if you had. I am telling Mr. Wentworth all about it, and I don't think you ought to have persuaded me to meet you as you did. It wasn't really kind or nice of you, was it? Because, of course, I'm not very old, and I don't know much about the world, and I never thought of all the horrid things people would say. Do, please, keep this quite a *secret*. I felt I must write you just a line. I wonder what you're thinking about me, or whether you're thinking about me at all. You must never think of me again. I am very, very unhappy, and I do most earnestly hope, dear Mr. Merceron, that I have not made you unhappy. We were both very much to blame, weren't we? But we slipped into it without knowing. Good-bye. I don't think I shall ever forget the dear old Pool, and the temple, and—the rest. But you must please forget me and forgive me. I am very miserable about it and about everything. I think we had better not know each other any more, so please don't answer this. Just put it in the fire and think no more about it or me. I wanted to tell you all this when I saw you to-day, but I couldn't. Good-bye. Why did we ever meet?

'AGATHA GLYN.'

She read this rather confused composition over twice, growing more sorry for herself each time. Then she put it in an envelope, addressed it to Charlie, looked out Uncle Van in the Directory, and sent it under cover to his residence. Then she went and lay down on the hearthrug, and began to cry, and through her tears she said aloud to herself,

‘I wonder whether he’ll write or come.’

Because it seemed to her entirely impossible that, in spite of her prayer, he should put the letter in the fire and let her go. Surely he too remembered the dear old Pool, and the temple, and—the rest !

## CHAPTER IX.

### TWO MEN OF SPIRIT.

‘THE fact is,’ observed Lord Thrapston complacently, ‘the girl very much resembles me in disposition.’

Calder’s eyes grew larger and rounder.

‘Do you really think so?’ he asked anxiously.

‘Well, this little lark of hers—hang me, it’s just what I should have enjoyed doing fifty years ago.’

‘Ah—er—Lord Thrapston, have you noticed the resemblance you speak of in any other way?’

‘That girl, except that she is a girl, is myself over again—myself over again.’

‘The deuce!’

‘I beg your pardon, Calder; I grow hard of hearing.’

‘Nothing, Lord Thrapston. Look here, Lord Thrapston——’

‘Well, well, my dear boy?’

‘Oh, nothing; that is——’

‘But she’ll be all right in your hands, my boy. You must keep an eye on her, don’t you know: she’ll need a bit o’ driving; but I really don’t see why you should come to grief. I don’t, ’pon my soul. No. With tact on your part, you might very well pull through.’

‘How d’ye mean tact, Lord Thrapston?’

‘Oh, amuse her. Let her travel; give her lots of society; don’t bother her with domestic affairs. Don’t let her feel she’s under any obligation. That’s what she kicks against. So do I; always did.’

Calder pulled his moustache. Lord Thrapston had briefly sketched the exact opposite of his ideal of married life.

'The fact is,' continued the old man, 'the boy's an uncommon handsome boy. She can't resist that. No more can I; never could.'

There chanced to be a mirror opposite Calder, and he impartially considered himself. There was, he concluded, every prospect of Miss Glyn resisting any engrossing passion for him.

'It's very good of you to have told me all about it,' he remarked, rising. 'I'll think it over.'

'Yes, do. Of course, I admit she's given you a perfectly good reason for breaking off your engagement if you like. Mind that. We don't feel aggrieved, Calder. Act as you think best. We admit we're in the wrong, but we must stand by what we've done.'

'I shouldn't like to give her any pain——'

'Pain! Oh, dear me, no, my dear boy. She won't fret. Make your mind easy about that.'

Calder felt a sudden impulse to disclose to Lord Thrapston his secret opinion of him, and he recollected, with a pang, that in the course of so doing he would have to touch on more than one characteristic shared by the old man and Agatha. Where were his visions of a quiet home in the country, of freedom from the irksome duties of society, of an obedient and devoted wife, surrounded by children and flanked by jampots? He had once painted this picture for Agatha, shortly after she had agreed to that arrangement which she declined to call a promise of marriage; and it occurred to him now that she had allowed the subject to drop without any expression of concurrence. He took leave of Lord Thrapston and went for a solitary walk. He wanted to think. But the position of affairs was such that other persons also felt the need of reflection, and Calder had not been walking by the Row very long before, lifting his eyes, he saw a young man approaching. The young man was not attired as he ought to have been: he wore a light suit, a dissolute necktie, and a soft wideawake crammed down low on his head. He had obviously forsworn the vanities of the world and was wearing the willow. He came up to Calder and held out his hand.

'Wentworth,' he said, 'I left you rudely the other day. I was doing you an injustice. I have heard the truth from Mrs. Blunt. You are free from all blame. We—we are fellow-sufferers.'

His tones were so mournful that Calder shook his hand with warm sympathy, and remarked,

'Pretty rough on us both, ain't it?'

'For me,' declared Charlie, 'everything is over. My trust in woman is destroyed; my pleasure in life is——'

'Well, I don't feel A 1 myself, old chap,' said Calder.

'I have written to—to her, to say good-bye.'

'No, have you, though?'

'What else could I do? Wentworth, do you suppose that, even if she was free, I would think of her for another moment? Can there be love where there is no esteem, no trust, no confidence?'

'I was just thinking that when you came up,' said Calder.

'No, at whatever cost, I—every self-respecting man—must consider first of all what he owes to his name, to his family, to his—Wentworth, to his unborn children.'

Calder nodded.

'You, of course,' pursued Charlie, 'will be guided by your own judgment. As to that, the circumstances seal my lips.'

'I don't like it, you know,' said Calder.

'As regards you, she may or may not have excuses. I don't know; but she wilfully and grossly deceived me. I have done with her.'

'Gad, I believe you're right, Merceron, old chap! A chap ought to stand up for himself, by Jove! You'd never feel safe with her, would you, by Jove?'

'Good-bye,' said Charlie suddenly. 'I leave Paddington by the 4.15.'

'Where are you off to?'

'Hell—I mean home,' answered Charlie.

Calder beat his stick against his leg.

'I can't stay here either,' he said moodily.

Charlie stretched out his hand again.

'Come with me,' said he.

'Eh? what?'

'Come with me; we'll forget her together.'

Calder looked at him.

'Well, you are a good chap. Dashed if I don't. Yes, I will. We'll enjoy ourselves like thunder. But I say, Merceron, I—I ought to write to her, oughtn't I?'

'I am just going to write myself.'

'To—to say good-bye, eh?'

'Yes.'

'I shall write and break it off.'

'Come along. We'll go to your rooms and get the thing done, and then catch the train. My luggage is at the station now.'

'It won't take me a minute to get mine.'

'Wentworth, I'm glad to be rid of her.'

'Ah—oh, well—so am I,' said Calder.

Late that evening the butler presented Miss Agatha Glyn with two letters on a salver. As her eye fell on the addresses, she started. Her heart began to beat. She sat and looked at the two momentous missives.

'Now which,' she thought, 'shall I read first? And what shall I do, if they are both obstinate?'

There was another contingency which Miss Glyn did not contemplate.

After a long hesitation, she took up Charlie's letter, and opened it. It was very short, and began abruptly without any words of address :

'I have received your letter. Your excuses make it worse. I could forgive everything—except deceit. I leave London to-day. Good-bye.—C. M.'

'Deceit!' cried Agatha. 'How dare he? What a horrid boy!'

She was walking up and down the room in a state of great indignation. She had never been talked to like that in her life before. It was ungentlemanly, cruel, brutal. She flung Charlie's letter angrily down on the table.

'I am sure poor dear old Calder won't treat me like that!' she exclaimed, taking up his letter.

It ran thus :

'My dear Agatha,—I hope you will believe that I write this without any feeling of anger towards you. My regard for you remains very great, and I hope we shall always be very good friends; but, after long and careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the story Lord Thrapston told me shows conclusively what I have been fearing for some time past—namely, that I have not been so lucky as to win a real affection from you, and that we are not likely to make one another happy. Therefore, thanking you very much for your kindness in the past, I think I had better restore your liberty to you. I shall hear with very great pleasure of your happiness. I leave town to-day for a little while, in order that you may not be exposed to the awkwardness of meeting me.

'Always your most sincerely,

'CALDER WENTWORTH.'



Agatha passed her hand across her brow; then she re-read Calder's letter, and then Charlie's. Yes, there was not the least doubt about it! Both of the gentlemen had—well, what they had done did not admit of being put into tolerable words. With a little shriek, Agatha flung herself on the sofa.

The door opened and Lord Thrapston entered.

'Well, Aggy, what's the news? Still bothered by your two young men? Hullo! what's wrong?'

'Read them!' cried Agatha, with a gesture towards the table.

'Eh? Read what? Oh, I see.'

He sat down at the table and put on his glasses. Agatha turned her face towards the wall; for her also everything was over. For a time no sound was audible save an occasional crackle of the note paper in Lord Thrapston's shaking fingers. Then, to Agatha's indescribable indignation, there came another sort of crackle—a dry, grating, derisive chuckle—from that flinty-hearted old man, her grandfather.

'Good, monstrous good, 'pon my life!' said he.

'You're laughing at me!' she cried, leaping up.

'Well, my dear, I'm afraid I am.'

'Oh, how cruel men are!'

'H'm! They're both men of spirit evidently.'

'Calder I can just understand. I—perhaps I did treat Calder rather badly——'

'Oh, you go so far as to admit that, do you, Aggy?'

'But Charlie! Oh, to think that Charlie should treat me like that!' and she threw herself on the sofa again.

Lord Thrapston sat quite still. Presently Agatha rose, came to the table, and took up her two letters. She looked at them both; and the old man, seeming to notice nothing, yet kept his eye on her.

'I shall destroy these things,' said she; and she tore Calder's letter into tiny fragments, and flung them on the fire. Charlie's she crumpled up and held in her hand.

'Good night, grandpapa,' she said wearily, and kissed him.

'Good night, my dear,' he answered.

And, whatever she did when she went upstairs, Lord Thrapston was in a position to swear that Charlie's letter was not destroyed in the drawing-room.

---

## CHAPTER X.

## THE INCARNATION OF LADY AGATHA.

'SHE's such a dear good girl, Mr. Wentworth,' said Lady Merceron. 'She's the greatest comfort I have.'

It was after luncheon at Langbury Court. Lady Merceron and Calder sat on the lawn; Mrs. Marland and Millie Bushell were walking up and down; Charlie was lying in a hammock. A week had passed since the two young men had startled Lady Merceron by their unexpected arrival, and since then the good lady had been doing her best to entertain them; for, as she could not help noticing, they seemed a little dull. It was a great change from the whirl of London to the deep placidity of the Court, and Lady Merceron could not quite understand why Charlie had tired so soon of his excursion, or why his friend persisted with so much fervour that anything was better than London, and the Court was the most charming place he had ever seen. Of the two Charlie seemed to feel the *ennui* much the more severely. Yet, while Mr. Wentworth spoke of returning to town in a few weeks, Charlie asseverated that he had paid his last visit to that revolting and disappointing place. Lady Merceron wished she had Uncle Van by her side to explain these puzzling inconsistencies. However, there was a bright side to the affair: the presence of the young men was a godsend to poor Millie, who, by reason of the depressed state of agriculture, had been obliged this year to go without her usual six weeks of London in the season.

'And she never grumbles about it,' said Lady Merceron admiringly. 'She looks after her district, and takes a ride, and plays tennis, when she can get a game, poor girl, and is always cheerful and happy. She'd be a treasure of a wife to any man.'

'You'd better persuade Charlie of that, Lady Merceron.'

'Oh, Charlie never thinks of such a thing as marrying. He thinks of nothing but his antiquities.'

'Doesn't he?' asked Calder, with apparent sympathy and a covert sad amusement.

'Mr. Wentworth,' said Mrs. Marland, approaching, 'I believe it's actually a fact that you've been here a week and have never yet been to the Pool.'

At this fateful word, Calder looked embarrassed, Charlie raised his head from the hammock, and Millie glanced involuntarily towards him.

'We must take you,' pursued Mrs. Marland, 'this very evening. You'll come, Miss Bushell?'

'I don't think I care very much about the Pool,' said Millie.

'We won't let Mr. Merceron take you in his canoe this time.'

Charlie rolled out of the hammock and came up to them.

'You must take us to the Pool. I don't believe you've been there since you came back. Poor Agatha will quite——'

'Agatha?' exclaimed Calder.

'Agatha Merceron, you know. Why, haven't you heard——?'

'Oh, ah! Yes, of course. I beg your pardon.'

'I hate that beastly Pool,' said Charlie.

'How can you?' smiled Mrs. Marland. 'You used to spend hours there every evening.'

Charlie glanced uneasily at Calder, who turned very red.

'Times have changed, have they?' Mrs. Marland asked archly. 'You've got tired of looking in vain for Agatha?'

'Oh, all right,' said Charlie crossly, 'we'll go after tea.'

Anything seemed better than this rallying mood of Mrs. Marland's.

Presently the two young men went off together to play a game at billiards; but after half a dozen strokes Charlie plumped down in a chair.

'I say, Calder, old chap, how do *you* feel?' he asked.

Calder licked his cigar meditatively.

'Better,' said he at last.

'Oh!'

'And you?'

'Worse—worse every day. I can't stand it, old chap. I shall go back.'

'What, to her?'

'Yes.'

'That's hardly sticking to our bargain, you know.'

'But, hang it, what's the good of our both cutting her?'

'Oh, I thought you did it because you were disgusted with her. That was my reason.'

'So it was mine, but——'

'Probably she's got some other fellow by now,' observed Calder calmly.

'The devil!' cried Charlie. 'What makes you think so?'

'Oh, nothing. I know her way, you see.'

'You think she's that sort of girl? Good heavens!

'Well, if she wasn't, I'd like to know where you'd be, my friend. I shouldn't have the honour of your acquaintance.'

Charlie ignored this point.

'And yet you wanted to marry her?'

'I dare say I was an ass—like better men before me—and—er—since me.'

'Hang it!' cried Charlie. 'I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm sick of life. I'm sick of all the nonsense of it. For two straws I'd have done with it, and marry Millie Bushell.'

'What! Look here, Charlie——'

Calder left his sentence unfinished.

'Well?' said Charlie.

'If,' said Calder slowly, 'there are any girls, either down here or in London, whom you're quite sure you'll never want to marry, I should like to be introduced to one of 'em, Charlie, if you've no objections.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, in fact, during this last week, Charlie, I have come to have a great esteem for Miss Bushell. There's about her a something—a solidity——'

'She can't help that, poor girl.'

'A solidity of mind,' said Calder, a little stiffly.

'Oh, I beg pardon. But I say, Calder, what are you driving at?'

'Charlie! Charlie!' sounded from outside. 'Tea's ready.'

Calder rose and took Charlie by the arm.

'Should I be safe,' he asked solemnly, 'in allowing myself to fall in love with Miss Bushell, or are you likely to step in again?'

'You mean it? Honour bright, Calder?'

'Yes.'

'Where's Bradshaw? By Jove, where's Bradshaw?'

'Bradshaw? What the devil has Bradshaw——?'

'Why, a train, man—a train to town.'

'I don't want to go to town, bless the man——'

'You! No, but I do. To town, Calder—to Agatha, you old fool.'

'Oh, that's your lay?'

'Yes, of course. I couldn't go back on you, but if you're off——'

'Charlie, old fellow, think again.'

'Go to the deuce! Where's that——?'

'Charlie, Charlie! Tea!'

'Hang tea!' he cried; but Calder dragged him off, telling him that to-morrow would do for Bradshaw.

At tea Charlie's spirits were very much better, and it was observed that Calder Wentworth paid marked attention to Millie Bushell, so that, when they started for the Pool, Millie was prevailed upon to be one of the party, on the understanding that Mr. Wentworth would take care of her. This time the expedition went off more quietly than it had previously, but at the last moment the ladies declared that they would be late for dinner if they waited till it was time for Agatha Merceron to come.

'Oh, nonsense!' said Calder. 'Come over to the temple, Miss Bushell. I won't upset the canoe.'

'Well, if you insist,' said Millie.

Then Mrs. Marland remarked in the quietest voice in the world—

'There's some one in the temple.'

'What?' cried Millie.

'Eh?' exclaimed Calder.

'Nonsense!' said Charlie.

'I saw a face at the window,' insisted Mrs. Marland.

'Oh, Mrs. Marland! Was it very awful?'

'Not at all, Millie—very pretty,' and she gave Charlie a look full of meaning.

'Look, look!' cried Millie in strong agitation.

And, as they looked, a slim figure in white came quietly out of the temple, a smile—and, alas! no vestige of a blush—on her face, walked composedly down the steps, and, standing on the lowest one, thence—did not throw herself into the water—but called, in the most natural voice in the world,

'Which of you is coming to fetch me?'

Charlie looked at Calder. Calder said,

'I think you'd better put her across, old man. And—er—we might as well walk on.'

They turned away, Millie's eyes wide in surprise, Mrs. Marland smiling the smile of triumphant sagacity.

'I was coming to you to-morrow,' cried Charlie the moment his canoe bumped against the steps.

'What do you mean, sir, by staying away a whole week? How could you?'

'I don't know,' said Charlie. 'You see, I couldn't come till Calder——'

'Oh, what about Calder?'

'He's all right.'

'What? Miss—the girl you upset out of the canoe?'

'I think so,' said Charlie.

'Ah, well!' said Agatha. 'But how very curious!' Then she smiled at Charlie, and asked,

'But what love can there be, Mr. Merceron, where there is deceit?'

Charlie took no notice at all of this question.

'Do you mind Calder going?' he whispered.

'Well, not much,' said Miss Glyn.

Thus it was that the barony of Warmley returned to the house of Merceron, and the portrait of the wicked lord came to hang once more in the dining-room. So the curtain falls on the comedy; and what happened afterwards behind the scenes, whether another comedy, or a tragedy, or a mixed half-and-half sort of entertainment, now grave, now gay, sometimes perhaps delightful, and again of tempered charm—why, as to all this, what reck the spectators who are crowding out of the theatre and home to bed?

But it seems as if, in spite of certain drawbacks in Agatha Merceron's character, nothing very dreadful can have happened, because Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, who are very particular folk, went to stay at the Court the other day, and their only complaint was that Charlie and his bride were always at the Pool!

And, for his own part, if he may be allowed a word (which some people say he ought not to be) here, just at the end, the writer begs to say that he once knew Agatha, and—he would have taken the risks. However, a lady to whom he has shown this history differs entirely from him, and thinks that no sensible man would have married her. But, then, that is not the question.

## Grasse :

'LA GUEUSE PARFUMÉE.'

A FEW years ago, a very short paragraph in Murray's *Hand-book*, 'Route 136. From Grenoble to Nice, by Digne and Grasse,' was believed to contain all that a tourist need care to know about Grasse. The chief fact there stated, that 'it is, after Paris, the most extensive manufactory of perfumery in France,' has lost no whit of its importance, but Grasse has come to much honour in these later days, and deserves it quite as much in right of its beautiful situation, picturesqueness, and abundant historical interest, as of its rose fields and sweet-scented industries.

These industries are certainly in perfect harmony with the beauty of the country. Provence is the garden of France, and Grasse the garden of Provence.

Its air—half sea, half mountain air—is scented with the fragrance of roses and orange flowers, and whithersoever you go, not a bare patch is to be seen. Even the distant Esterels are clothed with verdure.

From the heights of Rocavignon you look down on a wavy forest of grey-green olive trees, which, as the fierce sunlight catches their white-lined leaves, seem to be burning in a silver fire, but not until you descend do you see that each strip of ground of some few yards' width—sometimes only some few feet—has been seized on and planted with vines, oranges, and olives, under which again are patches of tender green corn, or beds of narcissus or violets, and that these conquests have been maintained by innumerable walls. Bit by bit, nearly all the cultivated land has been won by hard labour. 'If the soil of Provence were to be valued at the price of the best land in France,' wrote Mirabeau, 'its entire rental would not defray the cost of the walls that are used for holding it up.'

Grasse has as many of these *murs secs* as any other part of



Provence, for it stands 1,060 feet above the sea on the slope of Rocavignon, though even in the valley walls are often a necessity. No fruit tree that will grow, or sweet-scented flower which can be made to yield up its essences, is neglected here. Early and late we see the peasants in their pretty mulberry and blue apparel, hard at work among their olive and orange trees and rose gardens; but the rose gardens themselves are rather disappointing, for all the best flowers are gathered in the earliest hours of the morning—if possible, before the rays of the sun have begun to shine on them. It is therefore in private gardens that we must look for beautiful roses. Chief among these is the lovely little yellow one, which flowers with a profusion altogether undreamed of by dwellers 'in the cold far north.' It flings one flower-laden spray over another until it is no exaggeration to say that you may bury your arm in clusters of cool roses to the depth of a third of a yard, and most of these flower and fade unseen. Everything flourishes at Grasse. 'I shall not stay here,' said a young German gardener who had come to the south to study gardening under new conditions. 'There is nothing to learn here. Nature works with you. I shall go to England.' So true is this that there never can have been much need for a ceremony which only fell into disuse at the end of last century, up to which time the gardeners of Grasse, with lighted torches in their hands, went annually in solemn procession to the spring called the Foux, to offer up their prayers to it in the hope of rendering it propitious to them during the coming year.

Grasse has for some centuries been celebrated for its perfumes—its scented soaps and oils. What industry can be sweeter and more idyllic? All its ways seem to presuppose pleasantness and all its paths peace, and yet from the very earliest times until the last century or so there has often been hard fighting at Grasse and much cruel suffering. Not to speak of the incursions of remote and barbarous tribes, whose names belong to the very dawn of history, or of the Moors, who were apt to make their way there and carry off the inhabitants to slavery, Grasse has had its hand-to-hand conflicts between Guelphs and Ghibellins, has been sacked by the Spaniards, involved in the disputes of rival popes, in those of the Savoyards and Angevins, had its fortifications destroyed by Francis I. on the approach of Charles V., been sacked by Charles V. when he did approach, has suffered in the War of Succession in Poland, and been the worse for Maria Theresa's war with Frederick the Great. This is by no means all;

for just as the earthquake of Lisbon made itself felt in this distant town, so has almost every European war for centuries made itself felt here directly or indirectly, but always to the sensible loss of the industrious and money-making Grassois. Either their town was occupied by the enemy or its fortifications were destroyed lest it should be occupied, but in either case it was laid under contribution by both sides. Sometimes it is amusing (to us) to find that the enemy demanded ten thousand bottles of scent as ransom, but this was only in addition to as much money as would have been demanded without the perfume.

Most of the scent manufactories of Grasse occupy old convents, or are built on their sites. That of M. Chiris, the most important of all, is on the site of the Capucins. It was to this manufactory that the Queen went in 1891, and was led over fragrant floors to see the processes of capturing sweet odours; for there was not a corridor or chamber which had not been carpeted with pale Parma violets and bright golden jonquils, arranged so as to form a pattern. M. M. Bruno Court's is, to our mind, the most picturesque of the manufactories in Grasse, for its work is carried on in what was once the Franciscan convent, and the *trriage des roses* (i.e. the stripping the petals from the calyx) takes place in what was the church, which, when we saw it, was open from rose-strewn floor to raftered roof. Now, we fear, an upper chamber has been built under the roof, which much injures the effect. The women who fill this building now have, so far as we can see, no other thought than how to increase their daily tale of rose-leaves. The rope-girdled monks who established themselves in it six hundred years ago were very soon accused of having no other thought or care than that of persuading people to be buried in their church for the sake of the fees. 'Saint Francis gets three out of every four corpses and goes to law for the fourth,' says the proverb, and its truth seemed to be proved some years ago, when the old burial-ground had to be disturbed, and the number of human bones that were brought to light was simply astounding.

When M. M. Bruno Court bought this old and much profaned convent in 1857 it was a mere shell, its beautiful façade having been carried off a few years before to form the street front of the Église de l'Oratoire.

Many are the processes which have to be gone through before perfumes, *pommades*, toilet waters, and *savons superfins dulcifiés* receive a being. The *cueillage*, *trriage*, *enfleurage*, each in

turn plays a part, but the *trriage*, which is the preparation of the flowers for use, is the prettiest. Little is seen of the *cueillage*, unless it be that of the orange blossoms, when men and women work their way into the densest parts of the closely growing, round-topped trees, and look as if they had been capriciously stuck in by some powerful enemy and then left. Most of the other flowers are gathered before dawn, that the sun may not rob them of any of their perfume. The rose gardens, alas! are little more than glorified potato fields. The bushes are kept low, and only one kind of rose is grown. This is the Bulgarian—not chosen because it has more scent, but because it contains more essential oil.

To strip the moist, sweet petals from the calyx of a rose, scarcely seems hard labour, and yet if, as is sometimes the case in the height of the flower season, that task is prolonged from four in the morning till eleven at night, or even later, with very brief intervals for taking food, it becomes extremely irksome.

When orange flowers are under treatment the *trriage* is still more trying. Not only are they smaller and less progress is made, but their scent produces something rather like hay fever, but much worse. On the people who gather the orange blossoms, too, the pollen acts as a poison, and though the odd, broad-bonneted figures look as if they were so firmly wedged into the trees that nothing can dislodge them, they not infrequently startle the bystanders by falling fainting to the ground.

Grasse literally coins money from flowers, and, not perhaps unnaturally, they are regarded almost entirely as a crop. It is extremely difficult to give any very accurate idea of the price that growers obtain, for it varies according to the seasons. For roses it is from eight to twelve sous the kilo., jessamine three francs, cassia eight to ten francs, or sometimes even so much as twenty. Two years ago we read in the *Daily News* of a strike, or proposed strike, among the orange-flower growers of Golfe Jouan and the district around. 'It is,' says that paper, 'the only district of France where orange trees are grown, and they are the chief wealth of the small farmers. The flowers are gathered in May, and are bought by the local perfumers at prices ranging in different years from threepence-halfpenny to sevenpence a pound. One year they were even as high as fifteen-pence a pound. This year, however, the Grasse perfumers have agreed among themselves not to pay the farmers more than a penny a pound, on the ground that this year's crop has been remarkably abundant.'

The growers said that this would hardly pay the cost of gathering. Two hundred of them determined to resist, and entered into a written bond not to sell any orange flowers except at a profitable rate; after which another meeting was to be held to decide whether that arrangement should be continued, or the entire crop destroyed as a warning to all hard-hearted perfumers. We never saw the end of this, but imagine that the higher powers yielded, or we should have heard more, and that the flowers were taken to the manufactory, where, from dawn till noon and later—for some of them come from distant villages—carts filled with sacks that might, from their appearance, contain nothing more attractive than potatoes, are driven up.

And yet, when these dull-looking sacks have been weighed, and their weight inscribed, and if it chance to be the rose season—the prettiest and sweetest season of all—it is a joy to see their contents tumbled out on the tables by which the *trieuses* are sitting, until they lie before them in heaps of nearly a yard high, and the rest is laid on the floor until the whole of it, with the exception of narrow footpaths for the workpeople, is covered. It is 'roses, roses, all the way,' and the perfume is delicious.

This is by no means done for artistic delight—there is a purely prosaic reason for it. The flowers have been torn from the parent stem with the dew still on them, and are spread out to dry, firstly, because, if not, they might rot with damp, and secondly, because drying them makes the after processes more easy.

No sight could well be more charming than the *trriage des roses* in this large and lofty hall, where the double row of wide tables which run almost from end to end of it are piled high with flowers, and the sun shines on and through the rich pink petals, and lights up the faces of the workers. They are almost without an exception women, some old, some young—many very handsome. Their faces are often of the Napoleonic type. They are all laughing and talking, and doing this unreprieved; for theirs is not head work, and they are paid according to the weight of the petals they pick off, and, what is more, each piece of work is, very wisely, paid for when done, which prevents any mistake or dispute. Each worker has a large basket; when this is full she takes it to a woman in authority at the end of the room, who weighs it and pays her at once—the already ascertained weight of the basket being deducted. Four sous per kilo. is the price paid for *trriage*, and the *trieuse* drops the coins which she receives into a pocket which jingles with money received for other full baskets, and back

she goes to earn more. All the women are clean and tidy—indeed, that is the case all over Grasse, and beggars are rarely seen; when they are, they are branded as ‘ces Piémontais’ by the inhabitants, who say that these mountaineers come to Grasse to find work, and go out betimes in the morning, leaving their children wholly unprovided with food, and with no other resource but to beg.

None of the Grasse children look poor. Never once did we see one barefooted or in rags. Even the *gamin* who does his utmost to be in rags by sliding and shuffling about on the stone steps and walls is in whole garments, and we were told by M. Court that most of the women who were at work owned a bit of land, and some of them quite a good-sized piece. They began, he said, by buying a yard or two and building a hut on it, sometimes so small and low that they could not stand upright in it, but had just room enough to creep inside and lie down to sleep. Then they turned their remaining fragment of land into a garden, and went to it every Saturday night, slept there, gardened all Sunday, and went back to work in town early on Monday morning. (What is called early in the morning at Grasse is, by the way, something very different from what is called early in this country.) They sold the produce of their land, he said, saved every penny they could, and were very soon able to buy more land. They always hold on to this land, and refuse to sell it at almost any price, and generally end by becoming proprietors of good houses and large gardens.

When the rose leaves have passed from the hands of these peasant proprietors, they are shot down through a trap door at the other end of the building to be dealt with by art. It is not the art of Mr. Alma Tadema, but how he would revel in such wealth of fluttering pink petals as models, and how ill they are treated here! When we saw them being thrust into cauldrons of boiling lard, we bewailed their fate, but M. Court quoted Malherbe, and told us that roses were only born to live ‘l’espace d’un matin,’ but that in his *parfumerie* they were translated into immortality. It takes, however, 16,000 kilos. of rose petals to make one kilo. of attar of roses! The ambition of the Grasse perfumers is to have it acknowledged that their attar is the best in the world.

Attar of roses and *Néroly Bigarrade*, which is made of the flowers of the bitter orange, and largely used in Cologne as a basis for *eau de Cologne*, are the most valuable productions of Grasse. The fact of this export explains much. It would indeed have been

contrary to all Southey's teaching and travellers' experience to believe that any sweet scent could be found in Cologne, unless the greater part of it had been imported.

Most of the perfumes are made by *enfleurage*, i.e. laying freshly gathered flowers in a glass case, the lid of which is spread with a coating of lard, half an inch thick. This in the course of twelve or twenty-four hours absorbs all the essential oil. The flowers are not spread thickly in the case; the glass is evenly covered with them and little more, but the coating of lard requires many relays of flowers before it is impregnated with sufficient perfume. The number of relays of course depends on the kind of flower used. Some are changed thirty times, some even as many as eighty, others only five or six. The lard is afterwards melted and mixed with spirit, which, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top and is captured and filtered. It is sad to see the flowers which have been used in making *pommade* when, all the virtue having gone out of them, they are carted away to be used to promote the growth of other roses, which in turn will die the same death. We think of Mrs. Browning's poem and say—

‘Oh rose, who dares to name thee?  
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet,’

but a mass of something that looks like dirty paper badly reduced to pulp.

In one year Madame de Pompadour is said to have spent 500,000 francs in perfumes. Are many such customers to be found now? Madame Dubarry owed her perfumer 2,275 livres 6 sols at her death. History does not say whether this was for a year's perfumes or whether the account had ‘run on.’ Luckless Dubarry, who might have escaped had she but believed in her danger! Grasse is the better for her death, for to this day a series of pictures which she commissioned Fragonard to paint for her pavilion at Luciennes remains in the house in which that painter dwelt—‘Maison Malvilan,’ still occupied by one of his descendants. How did Fragonard himself escape? Perhaps, as the walls and staircase of his house would seem to indicate, because he knew how to go with the times. He sometimes was heard to say that ‘Nature had let him be born poor, and had said, “*Tire-toi de l'affaire comme tu pourras!*”’ At the critical period of the Revolution he certainly did so with great success. These walls are ornamented with Revolutionary emblems, but



they are so skilfully and artistically combined that the effect is excellent. Bundles of fasces, Phrygian caps, heads of Liberty, and heads of so-called lovers of liberty are there in all their grim austerity; and yet, amusingly enough, it is evident that the painter's imagination has sometimes strayed into paths more congenial to it, for the cords which bind the fasces together never can help tying themselves into true lover's knots. The pictures done for Madame Dubarry depict courtly lovers of the Louis XV. period, and are, of course, highly conventional and somewhat superficial, but, in spite of strained composition, singularly graceful. They show, perhaps, what Gainsborough might have been if, like Fragonard, he had been a pupil of Chardin, and of 'the Anacreon of Painting,' Boucher. 'If you take the Old Masters seriously, you are a ruined man,' said Boucher, when Fragonard, who had won the *grand prix de peinture*, was going to Rome. He did not take them seriously.

Fragonard's house is just below the Cours, and the Cours is one of the most beautiful public walks imaginable. Long rows of *micocouliers* afford shelter from heat and rain, and from beneath them can be seen a magnificent view of mountains dying away into the sea and the lovely valleys which slope down from Grasse to Cannes, dotted with villages. How many among the crowds who go to hear the military band play in the Place du Clavecin, which forms part of the Cours, know or remember that in the narrow part of this Place, whose harpsichord-like shape gave it its name, *Messieurs les Vengeurs de la Loi* set up their guillotine? There it remained all but *en permanence*, only leaving the spot to take little trips to Aix or Draguignan when wanted there. Who does not remember that grim description in Victor Hugo's 'Quatre-Vingt-Treize' of a meeting with one of these hideous machines when on such a journey?

In the Place du Clavecin, too, was (during the Revolution) built up a painted figure of the Goddess of Liberty. She was dressed like 'the free Peoples of Antiquity'; a Phrygian cap was set on her head, and then, close by the guillotine, but facing the Cours and sea, she was left to watch the crimes that were committed in her name.

Six-and-twenty victims perished here, and, as was often the case, it was foreign interference which brought most of them to the scaffold. The King of Sardinia, who was Louis XVI.'s brother-in-law, declared war against that king's enemies, and



many of those who were executed were supposed to be in league with him.

'Was it not here that they placed the Goddess of Liberty?' we asked an old man who saw us looking at the narrow end of the Place du Clavecin, and knew what had happened there. 'La Déesse de la Liberté?' he repeated thoughtfully. 'Ah, vous voulez dire la Reine d'Angleterre. Non, elle était au Grand Hôtel. Elle restait là un mois entier, et elle était très contente de notre pays.' The connection of ideas was delightful, and we felt that our country had received a tribute.

Near the north-east corner of the Place du Clavecin is the Maison Amic, still sometimes proudly called Maison du Département (du Var), because in 1793 Barras and Fréron, Representatives of the People attached to the Army of Italy, ordered the seat of Departmental Government to be transferred to Grasse from Toulon, where 'un prétendu comité (*sic*) central, reprouvé par la loi, enchainait toutes les délibérations.'

In 1810 Pauline Bonaparte, in disgrace with her husband and brother, and much out of health, took up her abode in this house. Her pale sad face touched the townsfolk, especially the municipal authorities, and it is said that during the winter which she spent in Grasse, one of their most important duties—it was a self-imposed one—was to see that nothing over which they had any control interfered with the restoration of her health. Her nerves were shattered—even a Bonaparte could have nerves—so the bellringer was forbidden to ring the great bell of the cathedral, *Sauveterre* (the only one which had not been broken up when the nation proclaimed that it had need of cannon), the milkmen to make early morning hideous by their cries; and the mules carrying olives to the mills had to perform the journey without wearing their jangling bells. Princess Borghese's favourite resort was a beautiful grove of evergreen oaks on the hillside, called the Courade. Thither she was carried in her sedan chair, and sat for hours on a seat rudely carved out of the rock, which is still there.

Grasse behaved kindly to Pauline—not so kindly to Napoleon himself, when in the early morning he arrived on his way from Elba, and was not only refused means of transport but food. He knew the district well, and, when in power, had planned a road from Lyons to Antibes, and believed that it had been made. It had not, and the road by which he had to go may be seen near the Place de la Foux. When he saw the steep, narrow, zigzag

road known as *la route escarpée*, which, though in many places little better than the bed of a dried-up watercourse, was then the only means of reaching his destination, he abandoned the *berline* in which he was travelling, and two small cannon which he had brought with him from Elba, and pursued his way as best he might. Numbers of the Grassois followed him with fruit and flowers, and offers to die for him. He halted about a mile from Grasse for breakfast, on what is now called Plateau Napoléon. It is one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Even he, full as his mind was of what lay before him, could not refrain from admiration. His resting-place is marked by three tall cypresses planted close together. No one should leave Grasse without seeing it, but the same might be said of so many other places in the neighbourhood; weeks might be spent, and fresh beauties would be discovered every day.

Grasse itself is very picturesque. Its streets lie one above the other on the hillside, like rows of seats in an amphitheatre. Many of them are mere alleys, in which you can easily touch the houses on both sides: they are dirty, though every day washed by the waters of the Foux: they are ill-smelling, though in certain seasons an odour of orange blossoms never seems to be absent from some of them, and gusts of sweet scents of all kinds burst forth from the open doors of perfumeries at every turn. And yet, though Grasse won from Bishop Godeau the name of 'La Gueuse Parfumeé,' and though that name fits it even unto this day, it is not supposed to be more unhealthy than the generality of health resorts, and is very much more interesting than most.

There is a tradition that Lord Brougham all but selected it as an abode instead of Cannes, and was only prevented by discovering that the man who had agreed to sell him land would be excommunicated for selling to a heretic. Be that as it may, the beauty of the place is certainly in danger now. The inhabitants are bent on turning it into *une belle station hivernale*, i.e. something as like Cannes as is attainable. The Queen's visit has given an impetus; the Grasse newspapers are jubilant over the fact that their town has entered on the track of progress and prosperity. They summon the inhabitants to strike while the iron is hot, to pierce the town with arteries, to make boulevards and *coquettes constructions*—in fact, to ruin the beauty that we go to see.

MARGARET HUNT.

## *A Drawing-Room Idyl.*

IT had begun to rain heavily, and Mrs. Fanshawe's guests had been obliged to exchange the croquet and lawn tennis with which they had been diverting themselves for the shelter of the drawing-room. Moreover, as Mrs. Fanshawe, with that courage which no amount of experience seems to weaken in the British hostess, had invited about a hundred persons to her garden party, with a blind and unreasonable faith in the certainty of fine weather, her drawing-room, which would contain no more than fifty with any comfort, was, to say the least of it, slightly crowded. Our hostess herself was fluttering about the room from group to group, apologising plaintively for this unforeseen malignity of Providence. 'So provoking, my dear . . . and the gardener assured me it was going to be fine; the glass rising, too . . . but perhaps it will clear up presently, you know.' To which perspiring but polite guests murmured ambiguously, 'Oh, not at all;' and, when their hostess' back was turned, looked blankly at each other, their watches, and the steady downpour splashing upon the bushes outside. Then some one weakly suggested that a little music might be pleasant, with the result that my reputation with Mrs. Fanshawe sank lower than ever. She previously had been gravely disappointed at finding that I detest croquet, and when she now made the additional discovery that I do not sing, she very clearly regarded me as disgracing my position as a curate—an office the principal qualifications for which, in Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes, are a taste for croquet and a tenor voice. However, my shortcomings were made good in another quarter, for a florid lady of doubtful age, with a perfect flower garden of artificial blossoms in her hat, took her seat at the grand piano, and launched out into an operatic French song pronounced with a truly British accent. I rose and made my way as well as I could towards the door, intending to join the overflow meeting, so to speak, that was being held in the hall. There I

might possibly get a cigarette, and should at any rate be in a position to escape directly the rain ceased. At the doorway, however, my flight was literally barred by the ample figure of Mrs. Vivian, one of those detestably friendly enemies with whom most of us are afflicted. The late Mr. Vivian, who had been engaged in the tea trade, died a good many years ago, leaving his widow in possession of a considerable fortune and one son, Hubert, whose University career, up to the present, has shown him to possess a greater aptitude for cricket and tennis than for more intellectual studies. As for Mrs. Vivian, she is stout, amiable, and inane; she pours out a never-ceasing stream of platitudes into the ears of her suffering friends, and she regards the clergy as her especial prey. I tried to slip past her, but in vain.

'You *naughty* man!' she exclaimed, tapping me playfully on the shoulder with her fan, 'I do believe you were trying to avoid speaking to me!'

'That would be impossible, Mrs. Vivian,' I answered, not caring much in which sense she chose to take the words. And, indeed, it is no small part of the bitterness of life that you can be as rude as you please to persons of Mrs. Vivian's type without in the least degree shaking off their terrible friendship.

'And I did want to talk to you particularly, Mr. Dyson,' she went on. 'I am in *such* a difficulty.'

I expressed my deep sorrow at the intelligence. If, however, it was in connection with her working party, would she mind applying to the rector? He, and not I, was responsible for——

'No, it's nothing of that kind,' she answered, 'it's far worse. Oh, Mr. Dyson, look *there*!' and she pointed vaguely towards one of the drawing-room windows with a much bejewelled forefinger.

'The rain is certainly heavy,' I admitted, 'but I don't see how I——'

'Please don't be foolish. Look *there*—look at my miserable boy!'

Following Mrs. Vivian's directions, I looked from the doorway in which we were standing to a sofa between the window and the piano. On it were seated Hubert Vivian and a decidedly attractive-looking young lady. The pair were deep in conversation, quite ignoring the efforts of the unhappy pianist, by whom the singer had now been replaced.

I turned to Mrs. Vivian. 'Of course you know best,' I remarked, 'but he doesn't *look* at all miserable. On the contrary, he seems to be enjoying himself considerably.'

'Yes, but he is breaking his mother's heart!' responded Mrs. Vivian, with a fat sigh. 'Do you see whom he's talking to? That's Sybil Allison, a most outrageous flirt and—— Do you know her, Mr. Dyson?'

'I think I have met her, Mrs. Vivian.'

'Well, then, you probably know that she's the daughter of old Captain Allison, who's absolutely *penniless*. And Hubert's hardly spoken a word to anyone else since he's been here this afternoon. I've tried twice to get him to come home, and he won't stir. And I know that that girl's quite capable of proposing to him herself.'

'It is truly deplorable, Mrs. Vivian. I grieve for you; like the walrus, I deeply sympathise——'

'Like *whom*, Mr. Dyson?'

'I beg your pardon. Only a quotation from the classics. But you will pardon me if I still fail to see in what way you require my assistance.'

'I was coming to that. Hubert—dear boy!—is so weak and easily led away that I am terrified for him. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," you know.'

'Certainly,' I answered. 'Leisurely marriage and hasty repentance are so obviously preferable.'

'Now you're talking nonsense again, instead of helping me. I can't do anything, but I'm sure *you* could get Hubert to come away.'

'I certainly could take him by the scruff of the neck and drop him out of window, but it would make rather a scene, wouldn't it? And I'm nearly sure we should damage Mrs. Fanshawe's furniture.'

Mrs. Vivian turned to me with some impatience. 'You are the very densest person I ever met!' she said. 'I want you to go and *talk* to him—don't you see? You have such influence with him, Mr. Dyson. As for that horrid girl, she only came down here on Tuesday, and I understand that she returns to London to-morrow, so all the danger will be over if we can separate them now.'

I reflected for a few moments. 'I am very sorry, Mrs. Vivian,' I said at length, 'but—well, in fact, I must decline.'

'*What*, Mr. Dyson? Why—oh, it's too bad of you. But you don't mean it, really?'

'Youth,' I answered slowly, 'as Bacon—or was it Locke?—observes, is the time when——'

‘Mr. Dyson!’

‘—and, to be brief, I sincerely hope that Hubert will propose to Miss Allison.’

‘Sir! But I must have misunderstood you. *What* did you say?’

‘Nothing will give me greater pleasure,’ I answered deliberately, ‘than to learn that Hubert has proposed to Miss Allison.’

Mrs. Vivian glared at me, almost speechless with indignation. ‘And—you—call yourself—a clergyman!’ she gasped.

‘It was the Bishop’s fault,’ I said humbly. ‘He *is* rather eccentric, you know, and——’

But Mrs. Vivian had fled.

Next morning I chanced to meet Hubert on the esplanade, and inquired how he had enjoyed his entertainment of the previous day. He blushed a little.

‘Ripping,’ he said. ‘Did you notice that lady I was talking to there—a Miss Allison? Such a nice girl! But she’s gone back to town,’ he continued mournfully. ‘I suppose she’ll be married by the next time I see her!’

‘Probably,’ I answered. ‘The wedding is to be on the 30th, and you don’t come down from Oxford till December, I think.’

‘Eh? *What* did you say?’ he asked with a startled look.

‘Why—didn’t you know? I haven’t told anyone here, but I thought it would have leaked out by this time. I am engaged to her, and we are to be married at the end of the month. Please let Mrs. Vivian know; I’m sure she will be interested to hear it.’

I have met Mrs. Vivian twice since then, and she has deliberately cut me on each occasion. But she hesitated a good deal the second time, and I fear she will be as friendly as ever before long.

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

## *The 'Donna' in 1894.*

### I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

**I**T'S the expression of their backs that strikes me,' a visitor to the food-truck observed of the men who crowded round it. 'Just notice them as they carry away their basins of soup and slices of pudding. They are bent not so much by age as by starvation, cold, and, alas! want of self-respect.'

Men in regular work hold up their heads, but the poor fellows who seek food at the 'Donna' have mostly been long out of work, and contract a kind of stoop, as though weakness and hopelessness had robbed them of their manhood.

Their hats might have served as footballs, so battered and shapeless are they; their coats—green, brown, black, grey and yellow of various hues—long since out of date, shape, and appearance. Down at heels, and even more down at heart, these poor fellows need comfort, help, pity, and kindly things done kindly on their behalf ere their 'backs' will present a different appearance.

The 'Donna,' *half* supported now for eleven years by the readers of LONGMAN'S, is one of these kindly efforts, and has been amongst the most successful ways of relieving the hunger-pangs of those out of work. We say *half* supported, because the other half of the cost of each penny meal given at the 'Donna' food-truck is supplied by the halfpenny paid by the poor men.

'What is the structure?' a stranger was heard asking from a waterman standing near the food-shed.

'A tarbly-do,' was the reply.

The inquirer looked puzzled, but twelve o'clock struck and the upper half of one side of the corrugated iron hut flew up, forming a shelter over a counter in front of two ladies inside the hut, from which issued clouds of fragrant steam. It was immediately sur-



rounded by a densely packed crowd, from which a loud chorus in monotone arose: 'A ha'porth o' plum,' 'A ha'porth o' plain,' 'A ha'porth o' soup.' The stranger understood; the 'tarbly-do' is the *table d'hôte* of the unemployed.

And what can we say of the guests? Would that many of our readers would themselves pay a visit between twelve and one to the little railed-in inclosure reserved by the police near the bottom of the steps on the right hand, leading down, before crossing London Bridge, to Thames Street. Half an hour spent there would be a revelation to many who, even if living plainly, and not 'in the lap of luxury,' know not what it is to keep an involuntary fast for want of money to buy food.

An old man, his white beard untrimmed, his expression weary, worn, and suffering, hobbles forward with the help of his stick, lays down a halfpenny, and mumbles, 'Soup.' Next to him comes a 'man of colour,' in sky-blue trousers. His black face breaks into a grin as he cries, 'Ha'porth of dat dere ploom-duff.' He tells us that he arrived a month ago from Jamaica, and has been looking out for a ship ever since.

Clothed in *loops* of rags stands a mere lad with tear-stained face. 'I'm so hungry!' he wails, 'and there's nothin' but hungry mouths at home, and mother's nought to put in 'em.'

'It's my white hair and my bit of a stoop that keeps me so starvit,' a poor little old man said, with shivering lip, as he put down his coin. 'You see the young 'uns must have their chance, and so, though I have worked hard in the docks and keppit honourable for thirty year, I ain't able to git work now to do.'

'I've nowt inside me 'cept the etarnal grinding machines,' another guest exclaimed, an out-of-work navvy; and a hungry lion would scarcely have sprung more fiercely upon his prey than he at the basin of boiling soup handed him.

Last year, at one time, terrible distress was rife. Famished creatures stood near the 'halfpenny tarbly-do,' eyeing the tempting bowls of soup and lumps of pudding without a farthing in their pockets. To meet this distress free tickets were issued, and a large hunk of bread added *gratis* to every dinner as long as the supplies held out: 15,255 hunks of bread were given during the seven weeks of worst distress. The squeezing, pushing, and hustling at this time were painful to witness, for every man feared the bread would not hold out till his turn came. As a rule the men are very orderly, and wait patiently to be served.

'I do be thankful for this lump of bread,' said one.

'How long will this extra bread go on?' asked a weak old man. 'A month, do you say? Ah, I hope it may, and that another may be here to take my place. I sha'n't be here.'

The serving has to go on so briskly that it is necessary to make a note that no change shall be given. However, one customer threw a sixpence on the 'Donna' counter, calling for pudding.

'Have you no coppers?'

'No, indeed, lady. I've only just earned this. A gentleman gave it me for carrying his bag to Ludgate Hill Station, and I've run all the way from there for fear you'd be sold out. I 'ad no dinner yesterday, because I 'adn't a halfpenny in time, and I 'aven't tasted food since yesterday at four o'clock.'

The poor fellow's appearance confirmed the truth of his words.

'Please, Sister, a ha'porth of pudden for a friend. I'd rather be hungry myself than see him hungry. He's an old 'un.' Unfortunately, in expressing his emotions, a bad word slipped from the speaker's tongue. 'I'm very sorry, Sister; I quite forgot where I was. I hope you'll forgive me.' Then turning to the men around he said, 'Mates, I'm real ashamed o' that word! I allus goes to the Sisters' Thursday night meetin' down at the docks, and I know what store they set by clean language. I meant no harm, I'm sure. It were out afore I knew it.'

The mate to whom he gave the pudding shared it with a hungry-looking boy who had not the halfpenny wherewith to buy his dinner.

'Up there we'll ha' no need for ha'porths o' pudden, I reckon,' said another customer; 'but while such as we be is down here it's an unco' blessing that you Sisters offers us. Somehow I can't get used to being out o' nights; I've been accustomed to better things. There don't seem no rest to body or soul a-walking about. Some o' the chaps don't appear to mind it, but I'll own it seems heavy on me.'

Little wonder, considering his destitute condition and hacking cough; as he said, he seemed more 'lingering than living.' We asked where he meant to sleep.

'Ah! there you've beat me. I's hopin' to earn a few coppers so as to pay for a bed at the "Friend in Need." But Providence knows best, and if *He* withhold it, why, it ain't *my* place to grumble.'

There was a keen wind and rain, not suited to a Calcutta suit, in which a poor German sailor was attired who stood in a corner,

hungry and dejected, watching the steaming bowls of soup. A man near him pulled out a halfpenny and treated him to a dinner. The sailor said that he slept in the 'Midlin' Hall, where the 'outcasts' sit up in chairs all night, no beds being allowed. 'It is just de shelder dere vat ve get,' he explained. An aged, destitute, white-bearded man, with battered hat, tattered clothes, and shambling boots, comes again and again to the 'Donna' for his dinner. He, too, has nowhere to sleep, so takes refuge in the 'Midlin' Hall. At six in the morning a whistle goes, and all turn out. There is no fire there and no beds. Poor W. never takes his clothes off; he can't, for it would be impossible to get such tinder on again. Another customer told him of the 'Friend in Need.' 'It's a cheerful place,' he said, 'and you get Saturday and Sunday nights' bed, and soup with bread in it for threepence.'

'Three at least of the men,' a lady writes on November 20, 'gave soup or pudding to-day at the "Donna" to friends. Two boys had a halfpenny basin of soup between them, which they ate very slowly, as if to make the very most of it. When they had finished, a man gave them a halfpenny; their radiant faces, as they bought another basinful, were something to see. Some of the boys standing round look as hopeless and depressed as the men; one young fellow, who had been in better circumstances, had but one halfpenny in the world, which he spent on a younger brother. I saw one poor little chap climb the high iron gate of one inclosure in hopes of a meal, and his clothes very nearly fell to pieces in the performance: he had but two garments, a coat pinned together in front, the elbows in such rags that one wondered how the lower part of the sleeves hung on, and trousers in the same condition from the knees. A lad of sixteen asked for a meal in a voice which was almost a wail. He was so wrinkled and worn that he looked like an old man.'

Not long ago a young sailor, who had been ashore many months, appeared at the food-truck, looking radiant. 'Beg pardon, Miss,' he said, 'but I've got a ship and I've got three other fellows to go too, and I wanted to thank the Sisters for all their kindness to me.' His happiness and gratitude were very touching.

'As the food from the trucks is sold at less than half cost price,' the Sister writes to me, 'we should not be able to maintain these trucks but for the generosity of the readers of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE. These kindly souls entirely support the "Donna,"

and so make it possible for us to keep the "Don" going. Things are so bad this winter, that we receive 800 or 900 men at a free tea, given every Sunday, at our home in Randolph Gardens, Kilburn. They walk miles and miles for it, and many have said to us, "It is the only bright spot in my life; I count the days to Sunday." Many eat like starving creatures. They came at first at three, but now arrive in hungry crowds as early as one o'clock, so that we are forced to open the gates and begin at half-past one, for fear of a block in the street. After tea we have a little service for those who like to remain, and hundreds do so. The effect of the mass of men's voices in such hymns as "O God, our help in ages past," is wonderfully striking and touching.

I can vouch for this myself, having been present at one of these teas and services, and am most anxious that the kind supporters of the 'Donna' should themselves see the customers whom they help, and examine into individual cases. Many who are unable to go to the Night Refuge in Whitechapel at night, or even to the 'Donna' at twelve on week-days, might be able to spare a Sunday afternoon for the twenty minutes in an omnibus from the Marble Arch to Randolph Gardens. They could there make acquaintance with the general appearance and condition of their week-day guests at the 'Donna,' and I will answer for the whole scene being one which they can never forget, and which they will be glad to have witnessed. They would also see the men to better advantage in those quiet rooms than in the rush round the 'Donna' during the hour it is open.

One of our poor friends has been disabled by an accident; he has a forty years' good character; his wife makes something at the women's workroom, of which there are now three: at St. Michael's Mission House, St. Leonard's Road, Bromley-by-Bow; Mission House, Nichol Street, Shoreditch; and Lady Gomm Mission House, Hawkstone Road, Rotherhithe. I give the exact addresses in hopes that some of the kind readers of LONGMAN'S, who have done so much to help the wives and widows of the poor customers of the 'Donna,' would visit the workrooms and hear for themselves the workers' grateful words.

'I'm going to get some coals with this money,' said old Mrs. B., whose stiff and numbed fingers had hindered her work that afternoon; 'I've been all the morning without any 'cause I hadn't a penny to get any with. Ah! it is indeed what God sends! How good He is to us!'

Their gratitude is not only expressed in words; the thirty-six

women employed in the Whitechapel workroom asked to be allowed each to make a garment for the orphans under the Sisters' care, in their own time—a really costly offering, since their lives are spent in unceasing toil from morning till night.

One, who had been given five cloaks to make for the Sisters' orphans, sent a note with them to say there would be no charge for making these. Another mended several pairs of boots for the children, refusing payment for her work, and providing soles and uppers out of her own scanty earnings.

Last year a kind reader of LONGMAN'S sent me three guineas to be spent in giving work to these poor women. I used it all in giving knitting, which could be done by the oldest, and the result was fifty pairs of excellent men's socks, the wool for which cost one guinea, leaving the rest to be spent in wages for knitting at ninepence a pair.

The workroom funds are so low that instead of sixty women being employed, only twenty-nine are given about one sixpence worth of work per week in their own homes. The heartaches, distressing anxieties, and bitter tears caused by this can scarcely be imagined or believed. One woman, visited at home, was working hard at the only employment she could get, unpicking soldiers' trousers, for one halfpenny a pair. 'We saw a heap of them in a corner,' the visitor writes, 'with two yellow stripes down the sides of each. It is not quick work, as some of the cloth is so rotten that it would tear if not very carefully ripped. Sitting close to the work she can do six pairs a day. Her husband was in hospital with a broken arm, and she had but this threepence a day on which to support herself and her baby. It is feared that one of the poor workroom women who could no longer be kept on committed suicide in her despair.'

Besides the three guineas sent to me last year to spend in giving work to these poor people, in the two previous years 20*l.* and 10*l.* were respectively sent to me for the same purpose. I need not say how gladly any such special donation would be received, and the work done would be sent to the donor if it were so desired. As no directions were given as to its disposal last year, the fifty pairs of woollen socks produced by the three guineas were almost all given to the Men's Night Refuge, in Tenter Street, Whitechapel.

There, as usual, we shall learn more particulars respecting the customers entertained by the readers of LONGMAN'S at the 'Donna,' whose cases cannot be investigated during the rush for

food from twelve to one. Let me give some account of a visit on a cold day last February, as at six to the chime the great doors of the Night Refuge swung open before the tired crowd waiting their luck.

'Full up! full up there!' the caretaker, an ex-policeman, shouts in a few minutes. A hundred and forty men are comfortably sheltered for the night, but without there is the sound of many voices, the shuffle of many feet. Peering cautiously out, we see a dense mass of homeless men, shut out from warmth, and light, and rest. There is the sound of hoarse and angry voices, of scuffling feet, and of a serious struggle. Its cause became apparent as the long white beard of an aged man came in sight, his bent and tottering form supported by a thick ash-stick. He was trying to keep his place by the closed door on the chance of admission at last, but the eager crowd almost tore off his coat in their frantic struggles for one night's shelter.

'Shame upon you, one and all!' shouted a burly labourer indignantly, as he elbowed his way to the old man's side; 'you may be old and feeble some day and without a bed to lie on.' He turned to the caretaker and pleaded so hard for the admission of his helpless charge that, although the beds were full, the old man was taken in. The big, blunt Samaritan beat a hasty retreat, but surely his action was not unnoted by the 'recording angel.' Shall he not, after many days, find the bread which he thus cast upon the waters for a stranger?

Another very old man, dragged and lifted from amid the outside crowd, leant panting on his crutches inside the doors of the 'Friend in Need.'

'I'm on the rocks,' he murmured, 'it's five years since I've done any reg'lar work. I might be Cain for all the friends I have, though I take it he was better off in some ways, having wife, children, and possessions, while I've none.'

'And what would you do with 'em here?' asked a gruff voice.

The old man's lips trembled as he answered, 'They're all gone to the Better Land; but, mate, I'm lonely, lonely! Ah me! Ah me!'

The gruff-voiced man laid his hand on his shoulder. 'We're in the same boat, and struck on the same rocks, I take it. My missus died four years ago, and I've never done a stroke of reg'lar work since, for I buried my heart when I buried her, and the little 'un with her. As I give her the last kiss I felt froze as cold as her, and I came home—it wasn't like home any longer—and sold



off every stick, and I've tramped it since. To-day I've sold matches at the stations to get me a bit o' food. Drink? No, I don't drink. I'm just a breathin' bit o' marble.'

'God help us all!' groaned an old man known as Daddy; 'to think that in this free and Christian land we should have nowhere to put our heads to-night; it strikes me there's a fresh dividing of pillows needed: some with so many and others with none—it don't seem hardly fair.'

'Not a gentleman wot's regularly engaged, but only a barrer-puller at Billingsgate,' as a good woman said of her husband, well describes many of our guests both at the 'Donna' and 'Friend in Need.' W. B. was a watchman and trustworthy servant. 'Thousands of pounds have passed through these hands,' he said. 'When my master's been in the West of England, he's sent me the money up to pay the men, and he's never found a penny missing. Then master gave up work as a builder; and here's the last penny I have, but I've twelve years' character laying by for me at Vauxhall; and I wouldn't chuck it away for a month's wages.'

F. W. S., a very intelligent man, with a pleasing face, voice, and manner, is a skilled cabinet maker, and draws original designs, but cannot get work. He had eaten nothing since early in the morning until our half-past eight supper, and seemed famished. 'I don't often cry,' the poor fellow said, 'in fact may say as I've not cried since my old mother died; but the other morning when I found myself locked in a small cell and obliged to break 10 cwt. of stone before I could get even a hunk of bread, and all for the sin of having had a night's lodging in the casual wards after a weary day searching for work, I did cry then.'

'I had a nice home once,' said another, 'and the missus and myself, with our little family, were as happy as birds in a nest. But then my health gave way, and with it everything homely too. We struggled on for two years, the wife getting work as best she could; but she wasn't strong, and what with worry and hard work together she soon give in and died in the hospital, and the youngest child soon followed her. She's at rest, and the little 'un too,' the poor fellow added, as he dashed away a tear, and tried to look bright, 'and sometimes I wish I were with them, only I'm always looking and prayin' for work to provide for the other three little 'uns; but, try as I will—and I've tramped over a hundred miles this week—I can find nothing to do save an odd job now and again.'

It is the same story with too many, often through failure of



health. W. S. was a skilled farrier, earning good money; a kick from a horse broke his elbow, and he left hospital to find the power of his strong right arm gone.

But the good friends who have remembered our great need at the Night Refuge, *men's cast-off garments*, have enabled the Sisters to give a new start in life to not a few down-pressed men. 'Thank you kindly,' said one, taking up the outfit provided; 'this may be the making of me and my family again.' A Liverpool firm had offered him work, but he could not be taken on in the rags which clothed him. Hunger and illness bring many a respectable man into the like case, and then their whole future is clouded for want of a tidy suit.

'What I want is a decent suit of clothes, a *whole* pair of boots, and money enough to keep soul and body together for a week or two, and then, please God, I should soon be in a better position. References? Yes, I can give any number; there's Mr. W——, who has known me for years; only to-day he gave me half-an-hour's work out of sheer pity, and the sixpence I earned enabled me to come here for the night, else I should have had to sleep in the casual ward and break stones in payment for bed and bread.' He was a law writer, getting odd jobs in Took's Court and Chancery Lane, earning one penny per folio of seventy-two words. 'The law stationer,' he said, 'who gives it out to us gets three-halfpence, and the lawyer who draws it up one shilling per folio.'

'Have you tried addressing?'

'No,' he replied; 'there's so much sweating connected with that. Dr. Barnardo wrote to the papers about it. *He* pays 7s. 6d. per thousand envelopes, and the contractors farm them out at 3s. or 3s. 6d. per thousand. Few writers can do a hundred envelopes in an hour, so that 2d. or 3d. an hour is as much as one can hope to make; and *when* I can get law writing I can earn 1s. 3d. an hour, five times as much as at "addressing." But times are very bad in the Law Courts, especially just now, as so many judges are away.'

'Old Bill,' a sailor who has served in most parts of the world, told us that he is sitting one or two days a week to a great artist. 'My health,' he said, 'prevents my obtaining regular work, but with the help I get at the "Friend in Need" I manage somehow. One o' my old cap'ns spoke for me to the picture gen'leman, and I'm reckoned a remarkable sitter! I've sat for a saint, a fisherman, and a fortune-teller, a sailor, and a scavenger, and sometimes I've earned as much as 2s. an hour. Mr. Leslie and

Mr. Firth have employed me, all along of my kind old capn's word. He dropped upon me one day when I'd got very low, and didn't chide me for nothing, and spoke so quiet-like, and got from me a promise I'd give up the drinking for good, and now I've been a teetotaler for seven years.'

Another man helped back to work and respectability had left Paisley for London on the failure of the firm who had employed him, and came to the 'Friend in Need' almost without clothes to his back, living on what he could pick up by holding horses, or such odd jobs. Finding his story true, the Sisters sent him with a letter to the Church Army, and after about a week he was taken in. His gratitude is constant, and every Sunday at 2.45 he appears at the bright little service held at 42 Dock Street for any of the 'Donna' customers, &c., who like to come, though he has more than an hour's walk to get there. He is very well dressed, and looks extremely different from what he did the first night that he begged for a lodging on trust at the 'Friend in Need.'

I have again the pleasant task of thanking warmly the members of the 'Donna Knitting Society' for their many gifts, and Miss Ada Mayes for her continued help in working the Society.

A letter from Durban, Natal, just arrived, announces that a parcel has been despatched for the Donna Knitting Society with the hope, the kind giver writes, that the contents 'may save a little of the suffering from the bitter cold of your northern winter, which we whose lot is cast in this sunny clime can hardly realise. I am thankful to feel,' she adds, 'that I am able to help even in a little way those who are in need of everything we can do to brighten and cheer lives so often sad and suffering.' A friend in South Australia, sending a parcel of thirty-six woollies, says: 'We read with great interest the January article in LONGMAN'S about the "Donna," and only wish that its useful work could be more extended.' Another letter, from a reader of LONGMAN'S in New South Wales, brings the same welcome tidings of renewed yearly gifts.

Last season I received (from November 1893 to April 1894) 630 'woollies,' chiefly mufflers (which ought to be a yard and a half long and twelve inches wide) and socks; also 7*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* in money. This last was partly sent in threepenny bits and sixpences sewn on to mufflers.

In spite of repetition, I give, for new readers of LONGMAN'S, the ONE RULE of this Society: *To send at least one woollen pair of socks, comforter, or vest, in knitting, crochet, or material,*

every winter to Miss Trench, Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk. From the same address may be procured, price 2d., the *Donna*, giving its story from the beginning. Much help is given to the work by distributing this little pamphlet.

'As has been their wont for many years past,' the Sister-in-charge of the Night Refuge writes, 'the members of the "Donna Knitting Society" have toiled busily at mufflers, jerseys, socks, &c., for their homeless brothers, and, thanks to their labours, several distributions of "woollies" were made at the Refuge, the first being on Christmas Eve. Bright-coloured mufflers are much coveted; crimson being the favourite colour. It is impossible to estimate the good effected by these generous gifts over and above the very tangible one of bringing warmth to nearly frozen frames. The mere fact that those better off than themselves bear them in mind, and take some pains to give them pleasure, has a softening, humanising effect on these poor outcasts, and they are better able to believe in God's love for every token of the love of their fellow-men.'

The number of men received at the Night Refuge during the season from November 1893 to April 30, 1894, was 10,013. A few shillings, collected in pence, and sent to me for free dinners at the 'Donna' and free lodging at the Night Refuge, were received with much gratitude by the Sister-in-charge. 'It is very hard,' she writes, 'to tell them we have no free tickets, and then they have to wander about the streets all night. Will you convey our warmest thanks to "A. J. W." for this great kindness to the poor men?'

'Christian ethics,' as the Duke of Argyll forcibly writes, 'do lay great stress on our attitude of mind towards the poor. Both the Old and New Testaments literally teem with passages which enforce and glorify the duty, not only of encouraging a compassionate spirit towards them, but of making that spirit our guide in a life of activity and work. . . . Christianity has enforced by precept, by benediction, by parable, and above all by One great Type of Character and of Conduct, the perpetual duty of "doing good." But in guiding the conscience and stimulating the will it has never tried to suppress or to supersede the reason. To do good is one thing; to decide and know what it is good to do is quite another thing.'<sup>1</sup>

What we claim for the managers and supporters of the 'Donna' and 'Friend in Need' is that their aid of pressing needs gives them the power and opportunity to 'know what it is good to do.' I

<sup>1</sup> 'Christian Socialism,' *Nineteenth Century*, November 1894.

have not space to tell of the numberless cases of poor men out of work, and hope through no fault of their own, who have not merely received tender kindness and immediate relief in extreme hunger and homelessness, but have, through investigation of their cases, been set on their feet again, and continued happy and prosperous. 'Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor.' We have 'nothing more precious to give them than the great gift of thought,' and I venture again to ask many who could spare time for it to visit the Night Refuge when the men are assembled there at 6 P.M. They would certainly be happy enough to find some one who was there through no fault of his own, and whom it would not be difficult to help permanently.

When once we have seen the crowd gathered nightly at the doors of the 'Friend in Need,' our glowing fires, our loaded tables, our comfortable beds, seem almost a reproach to us, and bring to remembrance those who have not where to lay their heads. This winter, poor-law guardians tell us, the casual wards are more crowded than ever, and the workhouses are almost full; while along the roads tramp our hungry brothers, searching for work, to keep starvation from themselves, their wives and families.

Shakespeare has said everything; and through the immortal words of the uncrowned and outcast King he pleads with us still for the desolate and destitute in the England which he loved:—

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? *O, I have ta'en*  
*Too little care of this!* Take physick, Pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

---

## II.

## STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

THE number of customers at the 'Donna' this year is 75,817, against 75,418 last year, showing practically the same amount of business done. This is so far satisfactory as evidence that the improvement following on the reorganisation of dockyard labour has been maintained, but there are still a large number of men who are unemployed, or at least dependent on casual employment. To these poor fellows the 'Donna' is a great help, and the Editor appeals again to his subscribers for the means to carry on the work.

TABLE OF NUMBER OF MEN SERVED AT THE 'DONNA' TRUCK.

Month.	1887-8.	1888-9.	1889-90.	1890-91.	1891-2.	1892-3.	1893-4.
November .	13,899	14,502	10,920	9,011	8,932	8,429	11,750
December .	9,799	12,123	8,634	8,702	8,020	6,217	8,197
January .	13,930	16,414	12,446	9,282	10,226	6,122	7,370
February .	12,442	12,549	9,524	8,651	7,543	7,954	6,808
March .	11,123	11,640	9,046	8,222	10,029	8,960	7,378
April .	11,432	10,481	9,262	8,448	6,042	5,161	5,584
May .	12,661	11,563	5,714	9,010	5,598	5,590	5,398
June .	8,973	6,241	5,892	7,244	6,717	3,758	3,337
July .	13,171	6,516	5,076	7,334	4,037	3,964	3,826
August .	13,764	9,261	5,528	7,914	4,774	5,219	6,003
September .	12,949	8,208	5,922	10,076	5,990	6,537	4,934
October .	20,275	10,265	9,990	11,108	7,408	7,507	5,232
	154,418	129,763	97,954	105,002	85,316	75,418	75,817

## THE 'DONNA' FOOD-TRUCK ACCOUNT 1893-4

<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Expenditure.</i>	
<i>£</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Balance in hand	27 1 6	Cost of food	49 9 2
November	24 15 7	Cooking expenses, 6 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i>	40 0 0
December	19 6 0	Truck, 3 <i>s.</i> ; pudding tins, 1 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i>	1 5 0
January	17 13 0	Repairing truck, 9 <i>d.</i> ; scrubbing brush, 6 <i>d.</i> ; broom, 1 <i>s.</i> 2½ <i>d.</i>	0 2 5½
February	14 8 3	Fares, 8 <i>s.</i> ; soda &c. 3 <i>d.</i> ; free dinners 4 <i>d.</i>	0 8 7
March	14 18 5	Cost of food	34 2 0½
April	11 12 5	Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
May	11 10 8	Fares, 5 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> ; bread, 2 <i>l.</i> 13 <i>s.</i>	3 0 4
June	7 2 2	Free dinners, 6 <i>d.</i> ; repairs, 4 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> ; pudding tins, 1 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i>	1 15 3
July	7 17 6	Cost of food	29 17 8
August	12 13 0	Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i> 7 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	9 0 0
September	10 10 0	Fares, 6 <i>s.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> ; free dinners, 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	0 10 6
October	11 6 6	Cost of food	28 18 5
Subscriptions	247 19 10	Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
Expenditure	438 14 10	Fares, 5 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> ; free dinners, 1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i>	0 9 2
Balance in hand	437 14 10½	Cost of food	29 16 11
		Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i> 7 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	9 0 0
		Fares, 5 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> ; free dinners, 1 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>	0 9 1
		Bread, 8½ <i>d.</i> 4 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> ; repairs to tins, 10 <i>s.</i>	8 14 4
		Cost of food	23 4 11
		Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
		Truck, 2 <i>s.</i> ; free dinners, 3 <i>d.</i>	0 2 3
		Cost of food, 23 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 4½ <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i>	22 13 4½
		Cooking expenses, 6 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i>	10 0 0
		Cost of food, 5 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i>	5 11 6
		Cooking expenses, 14 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	17 4 5
		Cost of food, 15 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	15 17 6
		Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
		Cost of food, 25 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	25 9 0
		Cooking expenses, 6 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i>	9 10 0
		Cost of food, 21 <i>l.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i>	21 2 0
		Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
		Cost of food, 21 <i>l.</i> 16 <i>s.</i> ; truck, 2 <i>s.</i>	21 18 0
		Cooking expenses, 5 <i>l.</i> ; wages, 3 <i>l.</i>	8 0 0
			£437 14 10½
Received for the Night Refuge	68 3 6		
" " Work Room	47 1 6		
'Don'	0 10 0		
"	0 5 0		
Mrs. Collins	0 5 0		
	£114 0 0		

*Proverbs xxii. 2.*

LOOK, friends, for awhile with me  
From my casement on the quay.

Leaning by the lamp-post stands  
A silent man, with sinewy hands,

With sinewy hands, but ashen face,  
On it hunger's haggard trace.

Like a death-knell to his soul  
Sounds the ceaseless carriage-roll.

He can see, as each goes by,  
Ladies loll luxuriously ;

Tiny greyhounds, sleepy pugs  
Swaddled, on their laps, in rugs ;

Footman, coachman, caped in fur,  
Madam's self in miniver ;

Every shop a flare of light,  
With the wide world's riches dight,

And the fresh-lit lamps afar  
Blazing, semicircular,

Tier on tier, and seaward borne  
To the crescent's farthest horn.

As he lingers on the quay,  
By the sullen-plunging sea,

Hark ! the band begins to play —  
Brisk and tuneful minstrels they—

To the merry measure set,  
Harp and horn and clarionet,



Ring from the hills around  
Cheer the fisher seaward-bound

With their rising, falling notes,  
Rising, falling, with the boats.

But the song of seraphim  
Were but jangled noise to him ;

Drowned seem all sweet sounds to be  
In the sullen-plunging sea.

Otherwhere his thoughts have flown,  
To the room he calls his own,

Where a fever-wasted wife  
Feeds an infant with her life ;

Where, beside them, pine for bread  
Other little ones half-dead,

Where through rotting roof and door  
Rain and snows of winter pour,

And the only music known  
Is the night wind's monotone.

. . . . .

Now the moon is overcast—  
Now the man has moved at last,

Muttering—is it prayer or curse ?  
Prayer or curse, the Universe

Echoes it since time was young—  
Echoes it in every tongue ;

Hope has never hushed it once  
That sad voice, of millions

Crushed by fate's wheels ironshod,  
Still upbraiding a deaf God.

A. H. BEESLY.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

IN the last voyage of this barque I broached the pleasing theory, 'as I am inclined to think, beasts are still, more or less, in the state of Paradise and peace.' Then I gave an instance (at second hand) of a cat which is the friend of a mouse, and of some dogs which played amicably with a fox. I have the honour of the acquaintance of the cat and of the dogs. I did not see their feats, but their owners, who were eyewitnesses, are persons of honour. Hence I concluded 'dogs and cats are not *natural* enemies; it is we who have corrupted them.'

\* \* \*

This looks like a harmless piece of optimism, even if fallacious. It is not corrupting to the manners of our teeming population. The moral is that man and wife are not *natural* enemies. Besides, what does 'natural' mean? The students of Aristotle know what he means by 'natural,' and I take the word in his sense. Perhaps by this time some dogs and cats, most of them very likely, have inherited instincts of war. 'It is their nature to,' as Dr. Watts says, but it is not, or may not be, 'natural' in the Aristotelian sense. At most the opinion, or paradox, that all animals are not under the curse of strife and partakers of the iniquity of Adam and Eve, seems as if it could only offend a very extreme Calvinist. It has offended a correspondent, who writes as follows:

\* \* \*

'November' 28, 1894.

'SIR,—I think it a pity that you do not observe the habits of animals more closely or else give up writing about them. You assert in the December number of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE that cats and dogs have no natural enmity. This is wholly incorrect, as any child could tell you. Place a *blind* kitten near a dog and its hair will rise and it will most distinctly *spit* at the natural enemy

of its race. Of course, they can be *educated* to agree and live together in peace sometimes, but not always. My own dog will not agree with cats or suffer them to come near him though brought up with a tabby. Sir John Lubbock, who is a true naturalist, will confirm what I state. It is a pity that LONGMAN'S should publish wrong ideas. I hope you will try for yourself before writing about such matters.'

\* . \*

Long before I reached the close of this urbane remonstrance I guessed that my correspondent was my fellow-countryman, though he did write from an English address. And his name (a very good Scotch name) proved the correctness of the obvious conjecture. Not satisfied with entertaining me, he wrote to my friend the Editor, denouncing my misdeeds and giving the affecting example of the blind kitten. As for his dog, I am not responsible for the unfriendly character which this gentleman's dog may have acquired in his society. 'It is not right,' ends the Caledonian, 'that false ideas should be set forth in your organ.' The gentle reader can now form his own opinion about the ideas—that is, if he be, as he ought to be, a regular subscriber to this 'organ.'

\* . \*

The lower animals are not all, in each species, on the same moral level. The cat who is a friend of the mouse (also of rabbits) and the young dandies who frolicked with the fox may represent the New Morality in the beast creation, or they may only be 'in their angel infancy,' like Henry Vaughan, and in a stage of emotion prior to the Fall. 'Some flowers of Eden they yet inherit,' or they may be pioneers of a moral movement among dogs and cats. I have read in printed books that *American* cuckoos have nests and rear their young, either because they live in a moral Republic or because they have never lost the probably primitive instinct. Again, I have read of isolated cases in which European cuckoos reared their young, either because they were pioneers of a moral movement among cuckoos, or because they retained an instinct probably original, but now lost by most cuckoos in consequence of many æons of immorality. It may be argued either way, or perhaps in some other way, and I respectfully leave it to Sir John Lubbock.

\* . \*

Last month I mentioned the comic Canadian case of diabolical possession. I have since written to the *Amherst Gazette* for information as to the contemporary reports in that 'organ,' but have received no answer. Here, at all events, is a *résumé* of the tale for Christmas Eve.

\* \* \*

Has America an unappreciated De Foe, and is his name Mr. Walter Hubbell? The problem is raised by a little book devoid of covers and all bestained with the spilth of an ink-bottle. The work is named *The Great Amherst Mystery* (Brentanos, New York, 1888). It was sent to me by a schoolmaster in Canada, who took it from a bad boy who was reading it in school. My whole sympathy is respectfully offered to that boy, for I have rarely laughed more than over *The Great Amherst Mystery*. If it is 'bogus,' as some say, then De Foe was not so well inspired when he wrote about Mrs. Veal. There is a simplicity, a directness, a quaint Yankee worldly wisdom, a prodigality of queer domestic details in this record of 'the supernatural,' which only a genius like De Foe's could confer—that is, if the story *is* bogus. And if it is not—but no person of scientific training will admit that alternative.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hubbell, before publishing his book, was 'duly sworn' to the truth of his narrative before A. Ackerman, Notary Public No. 5, New York County, on February 13, 1888. But his oath is less persuasive than his guileless and unsophisticated character. He was acting in a strolling company during January–July 1879, and he visited Nova Scotia. He describes Halifax and St. John's as if nobody had ever discovered them before, and suggests that the United States had better annex this eligible region. At Halifax he heard of a haunted house in Amherst, Nova Scotia, and, as he had exposed many spiritualistic impostors, he yearned to ruin the character of the Amherst mystery. Amherst is a village of 3,000 people on the Bay of Fundy. The chief industry is shoemaking. The foreman in the factory was Mr. Daniel Teed, who inhabited a comfortable two-storied cottage, and this cottage was haunted. With Mr. Teed lived Mrs. Teed, their son Willie, aged five, and George, a baby. Here also lived Mrs. Teed's sisters—Jennie Cox, a village beauty, and Esther Cox, who also had 'handsome teeth' and 'an indescribable air of rugged honesty,' but was possessed of a devil, or several devils. A

brother of Mr. Teed's and a brother of Mrs. Teed's completed the family. They usually dined on 'beefsteak and onions, plenty of hot mashed potatoes, boiled cabbage, home-made bread, and delicious butter.' The reader who remembers what the old farmer said to the Duchess of Buccleuch will not forget the cabbage. Esther was partial to acids, and would drink a whole cup of vinegar. She had also suffered lately from a very severe shock to the nerves. For further particulars see the *Amherst Gazette*, August 28, 1878, to August 1, 1879. This periodical, were it attainable, I would gladly consult, as Mr. Hubbell recommends, for, says he, 'I am fully aware that thousands of persons will not believe a word I have written.'

\* \* \*

The trouble begins in 1878—date not given. Elsewhere it is given as September 4, which does not correspond with reference to the *Amherst Gazette* of August 28. Esther and her sister Jennie had just gone to bed when Esther jumped out, exclaiming that 'there was a mouse under the bedclothes.' The wench in Cock Lane also felt 'it' 'like a mouse on her back.' Jennie decided that the mouse was in the **straw of the mattress**, and the maidens went back to bed. Next night something rustled under the bed. They got up to fight the mouse, and saw 'a pasteboard box, which was under the bed, spring up into the air about a foot and then fall to the floor and turn over on its side.' This performance was repeated, the girls screamed, but nobody believed their story. Next night Esther jumped up, saying that she was dying and 'about to burst into pieces.' Her amazed family saw her 'swelling visibly before their very eyes.' 'I have asked a number of physicians if they had ever met with similar conditions in a patient, and all replied that they had not, and added, never should.' Then 'a loud report was heard in the room, followed by three reports, and the whole room shook.' 'Esther immediately assumed her natural appearance and sank into a state of calm repose.' Next day 'her appetite was not so good as usual. All she could eat was a small piece of bread and butter and a *large green pickle*, washed down with a cup of black tea.' This is not a *déjeuner* which one could have recommended.

\* \* \*

The attacks returned, and 'all the bedclothes flew off and settled down in a confused heap in a far corner of the room.'

They could see them passing through the air by the light of the kerosene lamp . . . and then Jennie fainted. And was it not enough to have frightened any woman and made her faint?' It was, indeed.

\* \* \*

Dr. Carritte was now called in. He is dead, which is a pity. *He* saw Esther's pillow fly out of the bed and resist the efforts of a 'strong, healthy young farmer' to pull it. Then came a sound of scratching on the wall, where were found in characters a foot high the appalling words—*Esther Cox, you are mine to kill!* 'Every person could see the writing plainly, yet but a moment before nothing was to be seen but the plain kalsomined wall.' 'Pounding noises' began and things flew about. The ghost, like Glam, 'rode the roof' and was audible in the street. Now the facts got into the *Amherst Gazette*. A bucket of cold water, 'to all appearances boiled,' as at Stockwell in 1772, but effervescent powder will account for *that*. 'The most exclusive class' (O democracy!) began to call at the cottage. 'The ghost' now told Esther that he would set the house on fire, and he often did, as at Rerrick in 1691. 'The inhabitants had various theories. Dr. N. Tupper suggested a good flogging,' which, I incline to think, would have proved efficient. Esther was now boarded out, and nothing occurred, as in the case of William Morse (1681). In about a month the game recommenced, and Mr. White, with whom Esther boarded, was annoyed. A box weighing fifty pounds floated in the air, and the editor of the *Amherst Gazette* witnessed some of these peculiarities. At a Mr. Van Amburgh's, nephew of the lion-tamer, Esther enjoyed a period of peace.

\* \* \*

Now Mr. Hubbell comes on the scene. In Newfoundland he read the reports and thought that there was money in it. Why not run Esther at a lecture on 'the greatest wonder of the nineteenth century: a simple-hearted village maiden followed by a ghost from Nova Scotia'? On June 11, 1879, Mr. Hubbell arrived at Amherst and determined 'to run the enterprise as a business transaction.' He would 'expose' the ghostly part. He saw a few miracles, wrote his lecture on June 12, and started on tour. Esther 'had to carry a large fan on the stage, so that she could hide her face in case she should commence to giggle from hysteria,' as was not at all improbable.

\* \* \*

Singular to say, after about four lectures, 'Mr. White informed us that, if we continued our tour, we should all eventually be slaughtered.' The public took to throwing 'brickbats, drowned puppies, and dead rats,' so the tour ended on June 20. But Mr. Hubbell stayed on at Amherst, where all the furniture kept flying about, appearing, disappearing, and so forth. A *séance* was held, *Rock of Ages* was sung, 'but it disgusted the ghosts,' who 'never did much on Sunday,' perhaps for fear of spoiling Esther's Sunday raiment. The ghost set the house on fire, and 'until I had had that experience I never fully realised what an awful calamity it was to have an invisible monster somewhere within the atmosphere, going from place to place about the house, gathering up old newspapers, and, after rolling it up into a bundle and hiding it in the basket of soiled linen or in a closet, *then* go and steal matches out of the matchbox in the kitchen, or somebody's pocket, as he did out of mine, and after kindling a fire in the bundle, tell Esther that he had started a fire, but would not tell where, or perhaps not tell her at all . . . I say it was the most truly awful calamity that could possibly befall any family, infidel or Christian, that could be conceived in the mind of man or ghost.'

\* . \*

Now, if Mr. Hubbell wrote these natural and breathless sentences by dint of pure literary cleverness to counterfeit the agitation of an artless and sincere chronicler of events, I venture to say that America has found and neglected her De Foe. Once Mr. Hubbell said it was odd that the ghosts spared the cat. 'She was instantly lifted from the floor to a height of five feet into the air and then dropped on Esther's back, whence she rolled to the floor.' One of the ghosts made Esther blush by taking her (Esther's) stockings and putting them on. 'I commanded Maggie, who, of course, was not visible to me, to take them off instantly, adding that it was an infamous thing to do. . . . In about a minute a pair of black-and-white-striped stockings fell out of the air. . . .' 'One of the demons cut a triangular gash in her forehead with an old beefsteak bone' (relic of happier days!) 'from the yard.' Could De Foe beat that old beefsteak bone?

\* . \*

The end of it was that Esther got four months for wilful fire-raising in a barn; 'I was not there to explain.' But her virtuous



life and unlucky situation 'raised a whirlwind of popular sentiment in her favour,' so she was let out in a month. She married, before 1882, had a little boy, and as far as is known, no more trouble. Her nervous shock, from a revolver in the hand of an undisciplined admirer, is dated August 28, 1878, a week before the first mouse, if that is rightly dated on September 4. The earliest newspaper quoted is *after* Mr. Hubbell went to Amherst, but takes for granted that the disturbances are familiar. *The Amherst Gazette* also published Mr. Hubbell's journal, kept after his return from his brief and unsatisfactory tour in the provinces.

\* \* \*

Omitting a vast deal of similar matter, there is the gist of Mr. Hubbell's story. On his own theory of 'astral bodies' he is probably an incarnation of the author of *The Ghost of Mrs. Veal*. What we need is a file of *The Amherst Gazette*, so as to ascertain what basis, if any, Mr. Hubbell had for his entertaining little volume. He assures his readers that, since his experiences, he acts the Ghost, in *Hamlet*, in a new and realistic way. It is a small but exacting part, and, though said to have been taken by Shakespeare himself, does not indicate that Mr. Hubbell has risen very high in his interesting profession. What he can do in literature is plain to the critical student.

\* \* \*

There is a vast *lacuna* in the religious and ethical systems of the world, yet nobody seems to have observed the defect. In brief, the founders of creeds and systems say nothing about the ethics, the duties, the rights and wrongs of lovers, and of being in love. That nobody has noticed this omission I attribute to an obvious cause. Lovers young are not philosophical, and philosophers are not young lovers. The former go very blindly on the way which never does run smooth. The latter do not take love affairs with seriousness. Yet nothing can be more serious than love; that is, if we are to admit that anything is serious at all. Our happiness very much depends on our success in winning and retaining the affections of the right person. We may make an error, and go through life with hungry hearts, and haunted by dreams of a face which, in fact, has probably grown heavy or haggard, but which is always young and kind when it visits us in the paths of sleep. Perhaps, had we won it, we might have wearied of it, 'ere ever a month had passed away'—perhaps; but

we cannot persuade ourselves of this. Moreover, from twenty-two to thirty-five, to put the dates moderately, men and women are subject to all kinds of passions and entanglements, in which, as far as my studies go, no aid at all can be won from any recognised system of theology or of morals. Surely this, without banter, is a really serious omission in creeds and systems.

\* \* \*

The ancient Greeks, Norsemen, Aztecs, Carthaginians, and others had, I admit, their god or goddess of love. The lover had a heavenly friend, a saint amorous, to whom he could sacrifice doves and make his orisons. But, setting aside the fact that the gods of the heathen are altogether vanity, we must admit that these fabled beings, such as Aphrodite, or Astaroth, or Tlaçoteotl, had nothing moral about them. The name of the Mexican goddess means 'impure,' and she ran away from her husband with another god. The caprices of Aphrodite were frequent, and are familiar. Now a lady, or a lover *pour le bon motif* (and I am considering no others), could get very little comfort or moral aid in amorous casuistry from such deities. They were mere accomplices, and though the boy in Theocritus appeals to Aphrodite in an honest love affair, he got no ethical counsel from her cult just where ethical counsel is so much wanted. I do not know that the ancients had many scruples in these matters, but our morality has a much loftier ideal. Yet here our morality leaves us without a guide or a clue. Of Islam we need not speak; polygamy has the advantage of simplifying the amorous casuistry (for you can be happy with *both*, or with a dozen of them), but our troubles mainly arise from the very circumstance that we are *not* polygamous. The conscientious True Believer is not tempted to jilt, or distracted by the problems of flirtation; he marries them all—all the young women! So does the Zulu, and the Hebrew patriarchs found the same way out of the trouble.

\* \* \*

As a result of the polygamous system, the legislators regarded love as a mere question of property. You must not fall in love with your neighbour's wife (or wives), and there are laws of forbidden degrees. We quite accept all this; these are the laws of the game, but they do not help us when the game is played between two, or more, *unwedded* hearts. A rough, coarse, but correct

morality (which displeases 'New Hedonists') lays down certain rules; these we accept as the basis of discussion. It is when we come to love, with the purpose of marriage, between honourable men and women that the difficulty begins.

\* \* \*

No rule, in the Old or New Testament, nothing in the laws of Vishnu, or of Solon, or of Draco, or in the regulations of the Buddha, says 'Thou shalt not flirt!' The subject is left totally without legislation. The prophets and law givers, of course, forbid marriage to some people, in some circumstances, but not to the world at large. I do marvel that St. Augustine gives us no aid, for he had enjoyed (if we can call it enjoyment) a most adventurous youth. He was engaged to be married when he fell 'under conviction,' and he simply broke off his engagement. Like Mr. Henry Foker, he had 'taken his whack' (I would offend nobody, but St. Augustine *did* take his whack), and he gave himself no more trouble on the subject. He does not seem to have regarded it as serious. That is the way with all of them, they do not observe the ethical seriousness of love affairs. They forget their youth, or they expand in confessions of the times when they *faisaient leurs farces*. St. Augustine is full of these remorsees, but that is not what we want to hear about. *Farces* are not in our minds, but the proper conduct of honest love affairs.

\* \* \*

It *must* begin with flirtation; with a tender dubious interest, with 'friendship,' lending books, and all the rest of it. You cannot say to a girl, when first you meet her, 'Be mine!'—or not often. Approaches must be made. Here the ethical difficulty begins. There is always one who loves and one who *se laisse aimer*. What is the second to do, when he, or she, begins to suspect that the other is losing his, or her, heart?

\* \* \*

I appeal for a reply to the religious and moral systems of the world, what is a person to do? He, or she, may be mistaken. It may be all his or her vanity—indeed, of course, it often is. You cannot flee the country—'a man cannot always be in Persia,' as a French hero says. You may like the other party very well, may enjoy his, or her, society, and it is priggish to fancy yourself dangerous. Yet there does come a dangerous moment, and here a girl has a great advantage. There is nothing priggish in *her* snubbing the young man, but how can a young man snub *her*? Would Moses, or Buddha, or Plato have advised him to snub her?

The Golden Rule of doing unto 'others as we would have them do to us' is very difficult to apply. Were we the enamoured, would we like to be avoided, and treated with coldness? Perhaps it is a mistake after all. So people blunder on, and it ends in a marriage, or a scene, or something dreadful.

\* \* \*

Within the Church, confessors may be consulted; but one doubts whether they know very much of these matters, and, besides, an honourable heart shrinks from confessing the deeds of another person. Can you go to your Director and say, 'Am I committed to Miss Brown, a very nice girl, whom I really like, and who manifestly adores me? I *never* gave her any encouragement.' Directors may be sought, in these circumstances, but I suspect that young married ladies are more often taken into such confidences by members of both sexes. Now theirs is purely secular advice. Probably they say 'don't!' as a rule, and they are right, in the rough, but the pangs of a conscience ill at ease remain unassuaged. All the laws of Honour get mixed in the mind. We need a canon of conduct with a religious sanction, and there is none accessible. The Golden Rule will not work, or not with its ordinary success. One has, of course, known men who made an outcry, when some lady did not fulfil their expectations. They go about denouncing the sex, and either plunge into what moralists call 'gaiety,' or marry the first girl they meet, and repent at leisure. They say they have been 'ill-used,' but I put in the Socratic manner to any sufferer, 'While it was going on, would you not rather have been flirted with than not? And, if so, with what face can you now fill the dales with execrations on Amaryllis, a most agreeable nymph?' If this applies to men, and if they would rather be flirted with than not, perhaps it applies to women. This is not a 'symposium,' but if any lady who has thought earnestly on these matters will give the world her theory about them, and tell us whether her sex tolerates a male flirt (or, for our part, we all admire a young woman who makes herself agreeable), light will be thrown on these very perplexing topics. For my own part, were I founding a system of morals, like M. Comte, I would advise the young not to take their hearts too seriously. There are as excellent fish in ocean as ever came out of its fertile deeps. *Invenies alium (or aliam), si te hic fastidit Alexin.* Yet, if once we take any sport or pastime too easily, the interest does evaporate. If I play golf seriously, I lose my temper; if I play frivolously, it ceases to be golf. And so it is, no doubt, in love. I withdraw my suggestion; I give it up,

and, above all, I am *not* founding a new and exhaustive system of morals; at a certain age the old systems serve one's turn. But Mr. Herbert Spencer, or somebody, should really apply his mind to these matters. An eminent English judge has said that no man knows anything of love, except what a woman has told him. Here, then, is an opportunity for an Egeria. She can apply to Mr. Herbert Spencer, or to the Professor of Moral Philosophy in any University.

\* \* \*

When we leave flirtation, with all its problems, unsettled, and come to jilting in its higher branches—that is, after you are engaged—the speculative mind is lost in a maze of moral conjecture. In the case of the fair sex, my own opinion is fixed. Jilting is covered by the latitude permitted to pretty Fanny's way. Besides, any man of sense would infinitely rather be jilted than married by a lady who definitely did not care for him. I can even conceive the case of one who was rather relieved than otherwise, for 'freedom,' as Barbour says, 'is a goodly thing.' But I anticipate the reply of serious ladies that such a man is a jilt already in his heart. I give him up; he is not a serious person. However, it is practically admitted, even by matrons of no particular charm, that, though a girl behaves very badly when she jilts a man, she behaves better than if, longing to jilt him, she abstained from exercising her privilege. This, to be sure, is exactly one of the concessions which good-natured man makes to the frailty of the fair, and it is certain to irritate earnest woman-kind very much. I cannot help it: men do tolerate a lady jilt. They say 'poor little soul;' we never read that any girl was miraculously struck down dead in the act of jilting. I have heard of a lady who, in an unguarded moment, accepted a devout Evangelical clergyman. He bade her kneel down with him and implore a blessing on their union, and, as he did so, she was occupied in thinking how she was to get out of it. Surely we cannot blame her for getting out of it; indeed, the blame attaches to those who get into it. But we all have our times of weakness, though I cannot palliate the conduct of the nymph who became engaged to three men at one dance. Jove laughs at these perjuries, and Horace himself remarks on a tremendous jilt, who, far from being struck by a thunderbolt, was not one penny the worse. This classical reminiscence, by the way, proves that the relations of religion and the softer affections have already occupied the mind of at least one thoughtful man. Mr. Gladstone, having translated, may annotate the ode.

A. LANG.

